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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, July 18, 1901.

Upward.

"Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace."

The different societies of young people connected with the Christian churches number 7,000,000 members. The Christian Endeavor Society has 3,500,000 members; the Epworth League, 1,500,000; the Baptist Union, 1,500,000. Other organizations in other denominations bring the total up to seven millions. All in all, they constitute a grand army consecrated to righteousness—to the battle against evil and for the enthronement of Him upon whose head are finally to rest all crowns. The Christian Endeavor Society has just held its annual meeting in Cincinnati. President Clark spoke of the Endeavor movement as "God's weapon," especially needed in the beginning of the twentieth century; that the hour had come for the development of new methods and lines of work, and this agency stood ready now to meet the demands of that hour. Among other things, he expressed belief that the Christian Endeavor Society was to be instrumental in saving to the Church the prayer-meeting, and that it was especially calculated to promote a spirit of harmony and brotherly love and a united effort for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. Four years ago this society brought inspiration to California. It was just such an object lesson as this Coast needed, and its good influences through that convention go on yet today. This week as we go to press, San Francisco is giving royal welcome to another great Christian body—the Epworth League. Again it is young people's day in San Francisco. They are here by the thousands from all over the land—representatives of a grand army marching under the banner of the King of kings. It means much. And as it was four years ago, so will it be again: this busy, commercial city on the shores of this Western sea will pause somewhat in its rush and push of work, and will listen to the voices and messages which come with these young crusaders. Thus, all will be called to noble living.

The conversion to Mormonism of the president and secretary of a Christian Endeavor Society in a Congregational church in New York city shows the danger confronting us by the continuous efforts of their missionaries sent out to proselyte in every part of the country. With a thousand converts in New York and vicinity a Mormon temple is likely to be reared there in the near future. It is no longer their practice to send their converts to Utah or elsewhere for colonization, but to make them the nucleus of an organization in the communities in which they are secured. Mormonism is growing, and the personal work done by its thousands of missionaries will give it a more rapid growth in the future than in the past. Polygamy has been discarded largely in practice, but not in theory. Once let the sect get considerable strength, and a new revelation will be announced, laying its obligations upon its adherents. "It holds that it is no more possible than it was in the days of the ancient prophets, or in the apostolic age, for the Church of Christ to exist without direct and continuous revelation from God." These are the words of one of its leading members. They believe that God has spoken through Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, that he revealed his mind and will unto them in supernatural ways and that he will again speak in similar manner. Such belief opens up the way for the ingrafting into Mormonism of many obnoxious customs.

Recently certain facts have been made public which make it evident that Adelbert Hay, whose sad death was chronicled not long ago, came to his untimely end in an intoxicated condition. Doubtless it was his carousal in wine-drinking with a vaudeville actress which led to his death. Only a few hours before he had been led from a steamship denouncing the person who would not hold it to its anchorage while he guzzled wine thereon in company with his fair charmer. Such an end for a beloved son ought to cause Secretary Hay to become a total abstainer. That he is not this is evidenced by his acceptance of the wine hospitalities on the recent Presidential tour in this State. Adelbert Hay might, of course, have been a drinker though his father had been an abstainer. But the chances for abstinence from drink on the part of a boy are greater if the paternal example leads therefrom rather than thereunto. "Take the safe

path, father, I'm coming after you," cried a little boy who, with his father, one day was climbing a steep hillside. Yes, father; the boy, *your* boy, is coming after you in the pathway of life. Are you taking the safe path? If not, why not? Would that we could make this a burning personal question for every father in this land. A sense of their responsibility would begin to work such transformations in young lives as would lift this old world rapidly up many rounds toward God. In general, boys are more powerfully influenced by a father's example than by any other force in life. How can any father who loves his son live as some fathers are living! Said a San Francisco clergyman not long ago in one of his sermons: "There are fathers in this city who lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are most excellent fathers, who give no more thought to the intellectual and moral development of their children than they do to the education, intellectually and morally, of the remotest Hottentot tribe of South Africa." That is bad enough, but if to such neglect is added the influence of a bad example, the situation is infinitely worse, and the consequences only eternity can measure.

Worthy a Monument.

A monument is talked of for Dr. John McLaughlin, who was for many years the representative of the Hudson Bay Company at old Fort Vancouver on the Columbia. His remains lie in the old cemetery at Oregon City, where he resided after severing his connection with the Hudson Bay Company under such circumstances and in such a manner as to show himself worthy all honor on the part of the American people.

In those days, when England and America were striving for the possession of that great Northwest country, John McLaughlin rose above all selfishness, above all national prejudice and self-interest, and showed himself as one who loved his fellow-men. He never asked whether the man coming to his door was an Englishman or an American, but was he in need. Canoe after canoe of immigrants, who had consumed their all in crossing the mountains, came down the Columbia, and were helped by McLaughlin to settle in the valley of the Willamette, although he knew that this only made more certain the possession by the United States of all territory south of the Columbia. Once when these immigrants were coming down the river in great numbers, a Cascade chief stalked up to Dr. McLaughlin and said: "Indian kill Boston man; no friend to Indian; Englishman here first." With anger flaming from his eyes McLaughlin turned and thrust him from him, saying: "Only a dog would talk so; you are not a gentleman; you are no chief; you are only a little man. Never speak to me again. I will not look at you." The savage slunk away abashed, and was never again seen at Vancouver. Hour after hour that day and far into the night the old hero stood in the downpouring rain by the river-landing, giving welcome to the weary, hungry, ragged immigrants, passing them with light hearts along to the comfort and cheer of his own fireside up at the fort. One word from him, one look perhaps of dislike or enmity, would have precipitated on the part of the Indians of "the Oregon country" an attack which, in a short time, would have wiped the Americans out of that Northwest region. He could not give it, and he could not refrain from giving them food and clothing nor from furnishing them with seed for crops, although conscious of the fact that by so doing he was incurring the displeasure of many of his countrymen who were less humane, and desirous at almost every hazard of holding for themselves that vast game preserve.

Finally, from the great company of which he had long been the chief factor there came the question, "What right has a chief factor in our employ to meet those immigrants with boat-loads of supplies, to nurse their sick in our hospitals and to loan them seed and agricultural implements to open farms on the Williamette?" Peremptorily came the order at length that was to put an end to such assistance. And then the heroic in John McLaughlin again stood forth gloriously and he said: "Gentlemen, as a man of common humanity I could not do otherwise than to give those naked and starving people to eat and to wear of our stores. I foresaw clearly that it aided the American settlement of the country, but this I cannot help. It is not for me, but for God, to look after and take care of the consequences. I have done only what any one truly worthy the name of a man could not hesitate to do. I ask you not to bear the debts; let them be my own. Let me retain the profits upon these supplies and advances made to settlers, and I will cheerfully assume all payments to the company. All that I can do honorably for my company shall be done. Beyond that I have no pledges. Shall I leave these Americans to starve, or drive them from the country? Gentlemen, if such be your orders, I can serve you no longer." And out from the employ of the Hudson Bay Company went John McLaughlin, surrendering an annual stipend of twelve thousand dollars and largely that great influence which had been his for nearly a quarter of a century. He became later an American citizen, and many there are who remember yet his good deeds while he lived along by the falls of the Willamette. During those last years, as of old, no one ever sought his door in vain. "We must never leave the house alone, mother," he said once to his wife, "some immigrant might come that needed our help."

For more than two score years he has rested there on the banks of the Willamette. No proper monument marks his resting place, but a painting, placed two years ago in the capitol at Salem, commemorates his humaneness and helpfulness as shown in early years at Vancouver on the Columbia.

It is to be hoped that this talk of a monument at Oregon City will not be simply talk. He is worthy the best that can be reared there. And not only that, but a stately shaft commemorating his virtues should stand ere long on the banks of that great river whose waters go

rushing down through the mountain gorge to the sea. Canoe loads of needy immigrants no longer glide along down its waters, the helping hand of no chief factor is now required at Vancouver, but every year, because of its grand scenery, the Columbia is becoming a more traveled highway; in a year or two at Vancouver will be the crossing place by bridge for all the travel between Portland and Puget Sound and the East by the northern routes. At that point, therefore, there should be reared a stately shaft that would forever stand as an inspiration, to the passing multitudes, to nobleness in living. Such a monument should be the joint work of Washington and Oregon, the two great commonwealths carved out of that coveted territory, between which flow the waters of that river adown which came the canoes of those men and women in the presence of whose great need Dr. John McLaughlin subordinated patriotism to humaneness and gained place among humanity's immortals.

The Perry memorial statue unveiled last week in Japan commemorates a very important event in that country—the opening up of Japan to Western civilization. In 1624 all foreigners except Dutch and Chinese were banished from Japan. They had had a century of intercourse with European nations, had gained a knowledge of gunpowder, of firearms, and a few minor accomplishments. Content with these, Japan retired from public gaze, determined, seemingly, to remain in that backward, dormant condition in which she had been existing for centuries. But in 1853 Commodore Perry anchored in Yedo bay, and on behalf of the government which he represented asked international courtesies. Ample time was given the Japanese for consideration, and a few months later those arrangements were entered into which brought the dawning of a new and better day for Japan. That people themselves have said concerning this event: "The visit of Commodore Perry was, in a word, the turning of the key which opened the doors of the Japanese Empire to friendly intercourse with the United States, and subsequently to the rest of the nations of Europe on similar terms, and may in truth be regarded as the most memorable event in our annals—an event which paved the way for and accelerated the introduction of a new order of things, an event that enabled the country to enter upon the unprecedented era of national ascendency in which we are now living." Very naturally a nation would desire to commemorate in suitable manner an event so elevating, so far-reaching, in its effects; and a statue of him who opened up her gates, for the entrance of so much that is glorious, is a most suitable memorial.

It is said that Dr. Dowie of Chicago appears in public habited as a traditional angel, with wings and other angelic appurtenances. If only he would fly away at such a time and be forever at rest he would receive the approbation of a long-suffering public.

Notes.

The Golden Gate Christian Endeavor Union contributed five hundred dollars to the fund for the Epworth League Convention.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Cruzan of Hilo, Hawaii, will arrive in San Francisco early in August and will remain in California for several weeks.

California will surrender to Washington a good minister when the Rev. E. D. Weagé of Tulare takes his departure, the first of the month, for Port Angeles.

Three years ago the National Council was at Portland, Oregon. This year it will meet at Portland, Maine. The Rev. Dr. Ackerman, who goes East the first of August on his vacation, will attend the council.

The Rev. S. M. Freeland supplies the First church of Tacoma during July and August, and the First of Portland during September and October. The First Presbyterian church of Seattle, which was supplied by him for several months, has called as pastor the Rev. Otis Smith of Bay City, Michigan.

God satisfied the Rev. Dr. F. W. Fisk, ex-President of Chicago Theological Seminary, with a long and useful life. He had reached to a little more than the fourscore year period when he passed away on July 4th, and had had the joy of having part in the preparation of fifteen hundred young men for the gospel ministry. His was a life of far-reaching influence. It is worth while to live as President Fisk lived.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Chinese Congregationalists of San Francisco contributed for missions, during the last year, $1,521.16. The society has a membership of forty-four. The largest amount contributed by any society was $2,766.66. This was by the society connected with the Oxford Presbyterian church of Philadelphia. Eight thousand five hundred and twenty-six societies have made benevolent contributions to the amount of $504,461.88, of which amount $247,387.71 have gone directly to denominational mission boards. The Junior society contributing the largest amount was that of the Congregational church at Brighton, Mass., this amount being $232.85. This society has had this post of honor for several years. It is worthy of note that although the San Francisco Chinese society gave only the second highest amount among the senior societies, the average per member was far beyond any other average.

More than fifty years ago the Rev. Frederick Buel and wife came to California from the East to engage in Christian work here. For many years Mr. Buel was the secretary of the American Bible Society for California. He passed into the heavenly life some years ago, after long years of faithful service in the vineyard of the Master. Mrs. Buel still lives in Oakland. On July 2d she passed the fiftieth anniversary of their arrival in California. On that day a communication was received by her from the Woman's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland, congratulating her in that she had rounded out a sojourn of half a century in the Golden State, and making reference to the usefulness of both herself and husband in the days of foundation work. It was a deserved tribute to one whose beautiful life is an inspiration to many. California cannot be too thankful for the coming of such and for the prolonged presence of many of them. Their lives have entered into all that is good and enduring among us.

The Religious World.

Pennsylvania has the largest State C. E. Union, and Philadelphia the largest city Union.

Open air work in Glasgow, Scotland, is said to solve in part the question, How to reach the masses?

In two Presbyterian pulpits in California—the First of Los Angeles and Pasadena—the pastors wear the gown.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has taken steps for the amendment of its laws, so as to allow it to publish and circulate the revised Bible.

Cremation is prohibited in the Roman Catholic Church. No priests are permitted to officiate at the funeral of any one whose body is to be cremated.

President Clark of the United Society gives the Christian Endeavorers of California the honor of having the best C. E. paper of any of the States of the Union.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Wood of Plymouth church, Cleveland, is talked of for the pastorate of the Brick Presbyterian church, New York, to succeed the late Dr. Babcock.

Bishop Hamilton of San Francisco will be one of the 130 delegates from the United States to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, to be held in London in September.

It is said that one-third of the 300,000 commercial travelers in the United States are Christians. Societies called "The Gideons" were organized by them two years ago, through which they seek to bring others into the kingdom.

Dr. Walker, pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches of Los Angeles, emphasizes the value of the Junior Christian Endeavor work by saying that he would prefer the discontinuance of any other society in his church to that.

St. Ignatius church in this city claims the best pipe organ in America, and one of the best in the world. It has been so pronounced by Mr. Clarence Eddy, the eminent organist. The largest pipe organ in this country is in the Auditorium at Chicago.

Referring recently to the time when he was a country pastor, the Rev. Dr. Parker of London said: "I do not know that I was ever happier. A village minister or a country minister is not lower than a metropolitan one. Let us find our unity in roots, and not in leaves."

Canada very reluctantly surrenders Principal George of the Congregational College at Montreal to the Chicago Theological Seminary. Shortly after his selection for the presidency of the seminary the Colonial Missionary Society of London sent a cablegram urging him to remain in Canada.

The costliest religious edifice in the world is St. Peter's cathedral at Rome. It has been more than five hundred years in building, the foundations having been laid in 1450, and the finishing work done in 1880. It was not dedicated till 1826. In all nearly $70,000,000 have been expended in its construction.

In the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain there are 19,956 lay preachers. The ordained ministers number 2,152. In no other branch of the Christian church has the preaching talent of the laity been so largely cultivated, and herein is found by some persons one of the secrets of the success of Methodism.

Professor Harnack's new book, "What Is Christianity?" has come under the condemnation of representative Protestants in his own country. At the recent annual convention of the Protestant clergy of Prussia, held in Berlin, the book was declared to be "a relapse to the superficial attitude of an antiquated rationalism." The vote of condemnation was unanimous.

A New Jersey Methodist minister asks for an up-to-date hymnal in that church. He would substitute for some of the 300 hymns written by the Wesleys others more modern. Undoubtedly there is in the Methodist hymnals too large a proportion of the selections from the hymns by the Wesleys. But, as The Pacific said recently, no hymnal for any denomination would be complete without several of Charles Wesley's masterpieces.

The New York Tribune gives tribute to Christianity as follows: "To dethrone Christianity from its place in the world today would be the act of a mad man or a fool. Were it possible to do so, vast numbers of intelligent people, who now think themselves emancipated from it, would strive for its restoration, not all because they thought it divine, but because they had come to realize, as they never had realized before, how necessary it was to the progress of the world."

The American edition of the revised version of the Bible will appear next month. When the revision was made there were certain changes suggested by the American members of the committee, which were not concurred in by the English members. For the protection of the English publishers of the revision it was agreed that no American edition with those changes should be published for twenty years. The time limit has expired, and the American edition will be on the market soon.

The English Bishop of Calcutta, at home from India on a furlough, says that the secular instruction offered by the British government to the natives has resulted in divorcing them from their native beliefs and from the morality thereto attached, but has not put anything in the place of the discarded beliefs. Accordingly, for many a Hindu there is nothing but atheism. The opportunity for the Christian Church in India at the present time is said to be unparalleled. The natives are ready for the gospel, none of their religions being regarded in general as world religions. The great hindrance to the work is found in the presence there of callous and godless Englishmen, whom the natives regard as Christians and whose lives are not such as to commend Christianity to them.

A Catholic priests, Father Jacquet, is now on his way to Nome to build and have charge of a Catholic church and hospital in that noted mining town. He will be the first Catholic priest to have Nome as a parish, although others have worked there temporarily. Father Jacquet's work since 1882 has been largely in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. In 1882 he came from London and began work among the Indians of that northwest region. Summer and winter he lived in their tepees in order that he might win them to the love of his Master. Later, his work was also among the miners. Years of privation and exposure brought to him rheumatism, and for the last two or three years he has been part of the time in California for treatment at the Paso Robles Springs. Soon again he will resume work in the frozen region of Nome.

In a paper read recently before the New York Academy of Science, Charles B. Warring compared the record in the first chapter of Genesis with the propositions

of physical science concerning creation, and found not mere harmony, but absolute identity. He said in conclusion concerning the two series of statements which he placed side by side, those of science and those in Genesis: "There is no middle ground; he who accepts the one must accept the other. Like the stars, the Genesis statements seem in close proximity, but also like the stars, they are separated by varying, and often immense, distances. He who in the future shall essay to write a complete history of the universe need only fill the space between them. Scientists having, by their never-to-be-sufficiently-praised labors, established the truth of this record of prehuman events, have as a necessary corollary established the existence of a prehuman intelligent being, of a communication from man to man; i. e., a revelation, and thereby the occurrence of a miracle. All this adds to the debt which theology owes to modern physical science." Concerning the appearance of man upon the earth Mr. Warring said: "When scientists shall arrive at a consensus as to the date of man's appearance, and as to the existence, or non-existence, of other men than the sons of Adam, it will be time to discuss that subject."

The growth of the city of Washington from a population of 100,000 to 300,000 during the last twenty years has caused a change in the location of many churches, and others are planning changes. Among those planning a change of location is the New York Avenue Presbyterian, the richest organization in the city, and the church which Lincoln attended. The special reason for this change is that the building has become too small for the congregations, and no ground can be obtained for its enlargement. The contemplated removals, when made, will leave as down-town churches one Congregational, one Baptist, one Episcopalian, and two Methodist. The Baptists of Washington ascertained recently that the indebtedness on their church buildings was about $50,000. A committee composed of one member of each congregation, a leading merchant at its head, proposed then that an effort be made to raise this, they offering to give one dollar for every dollar given by others. Now these churches rejoice in freedom from debt, and a fourth will soon be added to the list. That is fellowship worthy of imitation.

The pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Pittsburg preaches every Sunday evening during the summer in a pavilion in one of the parks, and the congregations are said to average about ten thousand. On a recent Sunday evening seven different churches held services in the parks, and in this way the gospel was preached to forty thousand persons, largely non-church-goers.

In an article concerning the California Christian Endeavor Convention, written by the Rev. Dr. S. E. Wishard, for "The Herald" and "Presbyter," appears the following criticism: "Let it be written of this convention that it was marked from beginning to end by spiritual work. The addresses, the prayers and praises were in line with the purpose of the convention. It must be said, however, in candor, that there was one large fly in the precious ointment. He must have been a blue bottle, judging from the buzz he made. It was that clapping of hands that should have no place in a religious meeting, where God is worshipped and honored, and not the speakers. The preacher was clapped as he came on the stage, and when he had made his last solemn and moving appeal he was clapped off the stage. When the choir sang their glorious anthems they were clapped for their performance. The clappers clapped everything but the prayers. This is an aside, but written with the hope that every one will read it, including the Christians that meet at Winona, Ind. Query—What's the meaning of this clapping? Some one should rise and explain." The Pacific gives this criticism wider circulation in California than it will have in the columns in which it was first published, with the hope that, if warranted, it will be so declared, and if, according to fact, it will lead to moderation in the future. Dr. Wishard says, in his criticisms, that "clapping should have no place in a religious meeting." That is an extreme position, and not many persons will agree with him. In a recent number of the Christian Endeavor World, President Clark has an article on "Convention Manners," in which he says: "Punctuate the good points with your hands. We have altogether too little applause in our American meetings. * * * In four case out of five the meetings will be of such a character that your hearty hand-clap will not only be in order, but will greatly help the spirit of the meeting and will greatly encourage the speakers at the same time."

Among the many influences for good started by Christian Endeavorers is the Sailors' Home at Nagasaki, Japan. It is the work of the Floating Society of seventeen members formed in 1894 on the cruiser Charleston. When a little later the cruiser was ordered to Nagasaki, and the members of the society were off on "shore leave" from time to time, they found no place to lodge or rest or to get a meal, except in saloons and places of ill repute. Accordingly, they determined to establish a Sailors' Home and contributed themselves for that purpose more than a thousand dollars. Other contributions were made, and the funds were placed in the hands of missionaries for the purpose designated. As manager there was secured about three years ago, Mr. J. Makins, who had been Superintendent of the Floating Endeavor work in the State of Washington. The establishment has a reading room and a temperance bar, and last year it furnished about 20,000 meals to sailors and soldiers, an average of fifty-four a day. Many a sojourner has thanked God for this Home as he has tarried there and has received refreshment, both of body and soul.

Writing in the British Weekly concerning the late Sir Walter Besant, one who knew him intimately says that if we are to believe Christ he was a Christian indeed, and that no one will ever measure his helpfulness to people needing help. "He devoted himself beyond almost any other I have ever met to the cause of those who were in difficulty. He was a very busy man, very systematic in his habits. He lived very quietly, and did not care to be disturbed. He was always ready for a fight and did his best to win, though I suspect he was at bottom a sensitive man and disliked controversy. But when a forlorn creature with no claim upon him sought his aid everything was put aside. He would do anything, he would endure anything, he would forgive anything. No trouble was too great for him to undertake. I have known him after instances of the most melancholy ingratitude immediately to resume his thankless labor on behalf of those who had forfeited every right to his favor that they ever possessed." Since his death it is recalled that he said some years ago that of all books read by him in his younger years the one which most seized his imagination was "Pilgrim's Progress." In that connection he said: "It still seems to me the book which has influenced the minds of Englishmen more than any other outside the covers of the Bible. While it survives and is read by our boys and girls, two or three great truths will remain deeply burned into the English soul. The

first is the personal responsibility of each man; the next is that Christianity does not want, and cannot have, a priest. I confess that the discovery, by later reading, that the so-called Christian priest is a personage borrowed from surrounding superstition, and that the great ecclesiastical structure is entirely built by human hands, filled me with only a deeper gratitude to John Bunyan."

The assaults of modern criticism have led to the organization in London of a Bible League for promoting the dissemination of sound views regarding the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures. At a recent conference it was said by one of the speakers concerning the newer criticism: "It is saturated with unbelief. Its fathers were Baur, Strauss, Renan, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Tom Paine, who long ago made precisely the same statements that are being made today. The points most vital and essential to salvation are being ruthlessly attacked, and the foundations of them swept away. The statements are not based upon scientific fact or any proved statement. They are hypothetical in the extreme. It is said that there are many discrepancies in the New Testament narrative, but we shall find them yield to patient faith and prayerful investigation. The criticism leads to confusion and darkness rather than to light. The critics are not constructing something better for us than that which they are attempting to destroy; and the more we study their statements the more we shall see that they themselves are in utter darkness as to the mind and will of God. If the New Testament books are not trustworthy they are the most infamous and criminal fraud ever perpetrated on mankind. Yet the Christians who immediately followed the apostolic age, and who transmitted the books to us, were men who proved that they would rather die than lie."

Noting the recent Missionary Union in the Philippines, by which it is provided that all the missions of the Presbyterian, Methodist, United Brethren, Baptist and Christian Alliance Boards should be so joined as to be under one name, and the administrative guidance rest with one representative central body, The Interior says: "And no one can readily deny that the time had fully come for such action. Between the evangelical churches there is now held a common body of doctrine that may not be easily ignored. Charles Wesley sung of sovereign grace like the Calvinist, and Jonathan Edwards preached to sinners with such an unction as belongs, logically, to the Arminian alone. The Presbyterian Christian Endeavorers who held a consecration service once a month are not greatly shocked at the re-baptism of their companions, who may have been baptized in infancy; and the young mothers of the Y. P. B. U. sometimes look longingly at Presbyterian rites in which happy babies are dedicated to the service of Almighty God in the name of him who took children in his arms and blessed them. Even church polities, which, being of human invention, are apt to be held most strictly, are rapidly coalescing, and losing distinctness. The Methodist bishop still appoints the Rev. John Boanerges, D.D., to a pulpit on the avenue; but only after a committee from the church interested has visited him, and when the church itself has already called him. The Congregational brethren hold a meeting of the whole church and appoint a Prudential Committee with power to act; and the Presbyterian elders exercise now-a-days a very modified lordship over God's heritage, after they have ascertained the well defined judgments of the body of the church. The Bible is a book of such divine simplicity that its primal and essential truths can not be forever hid. It teaches the sovereignty of God and the freedom of the will with an equal clearness, and unites as twin graces not piety and prejudice, but piety and charity. It enjoins rites while admonishing us that the letter even of a commandment kills while the spirit makes alive. Men inspired with the spirit of the Bible will get together in the Philippines first; and then more fully at home; and completely in heaven. The Lord hasten it in his time."

The Late John Fiske.

By Charles R. Brown.

The death of John Fiske closes an intellectual career full of interest to every observant mind. In a way he embodied in his own development a world-wide movement of thought now in progress, and his later utterances thus become prophetic.

He was born in 1842 and graduated at Harvard in 1863, just four years after Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared. He was intensely interested both in science and in philosophy, and the new doctrine of evolution found in him a warm advocate. The growth of that robust physical life which sustained him in his large undertakings, and the almost precocious intellectual activity which characterized all those earlier years, seemed to leave the spiritual development in abeyance. For this and other reasons, he tells us that his earlier views were somewhat materialistic. His first books, "Myths and Myth Makers," and "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," are an indication of his position in the early seventies.

Ten years later, the maturing of his own thought and the turning of his attention to moral questions, together with the sweet influences of his marriage, seemed to open a window toward heaven in his rugged nature. The choice words of dedication in the best book of that period, "The Idea of God," give us a glimpse of a region of interest which in an earlier stage was "undiscovered country." These were the words he inscribed in his most widely read volume:

TO MY WIFE.

In remembrance of the sweet Sunday morning, under the apple-trees on the hillside, when we two sat looking down into fairy woodland paths, and talked of the things since written in this little book, I now dedicate it.

It was at this time that "The Destiny of Man" appeared, also giving clearer views as to the reality of spiritual experience and of the hope of immortality, as the reasonable outcome of the evolutionary processes which had so deeply engaged his study.

And then, within the last two years we have his latest book, "Through Nature to God," which ranks him conspicuously on the side of theistic evolution and commits him to a vigorous and pronounced faith in many of the essentials of revealed religion.

In this latest work he discusses, from the standpoint of science and philosophy, "The Mystery of Evil," "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice," and "The Everlasting Reality of Religion." This last section has been widely quoted and has been immensely suggestive to all those who have found themselves unable to put the good wine of Christ's gospel in the old bottles, but who delight in all the restatements of the eternal evangel which bring its message into vital touch with the thought and life of our own day.

The argument of Fiske for "The Eternal Reality of Religion" had been put forward before, but never, perhaps, so clearly or cogently. He reasons that, inasmuch as it is the universal verdict of scientific inquiry that the subjective powers in man have always been developed

with reference to objective realities, we find, therefore, in the almost universally distributed spiritual aspirations and efforts after fellowship with the Unseen, a strong argument in favor of the validity of these attempts.

"The eye was developed in response to the outward existence of radiant light; the ear in response to the outward existence of acoustic vibrations; the mother's love came in response to the infant's need. Every stage of enlargement has had reference to actual existences outside; everywhere the internal adjustment has been brought about so as to harmonize with some actually existing external fact. Now, if the relation thus established in the morning twilight of man's existence, between the human soul and a world immaterial and invisible, is a relation of which only the subjective term is real and the objective term non-existent, then I say it is something utterly without precedent in the whole history of creation. To suppose that during countless ages, from the seaweed up to man, the progress of life was achieved through adjustments to external realities, but that then the method was all at once changed and throughout a vast province of evolution the end was secured through adjustment to external non-realities, is to do sheer violence to logic and to common sense. . . . The lesson of evolution is that through all these weary ages the human soul has not been cherishing in religion a delusive phantom, but in spite of seemingly endless groping and stumbling, it has been rising to the recognition of its essential kinship with the ever-living God. Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the Everlasting Reality of Religion."

This quotation indicates the line of argument followed by Professor Fiske in this last book and in other published utterances. The fact that he held himself so steadily in touch with the *Zeit Geist* and made steady progress from at least semi-materialism to a clear belief in theism, and from a material view of man to such strong and able emphasis on the moral and spiritual values in the higher ranges of experience, gives us some promise of what may be hoped for as the readjustment of the serious mind to the modern methods of thinking about things takes place, and as the restatement of the religion of Christ, in the language in which the twentieth century was born, is accomplished.

The fact that John Fiske delivered his message to thoughtful people in the terms of their present life added greatly to his usefulness. The contrast between his habit and that of another lecturer, conspicuous in New England during the same period, who has just passed to his reward, is significant. Joseph Cook tried, for the last twenty years of his life, to carve out his usefulness across rather than along the grain of the fundamental intellectual movements of the period. He became, in consequence—changing the figure—merely an extinct volcano, solemn and massive, but without further significance for the work of shaping the face of the world. The work of Fiske was built vitally into the thought of his time and the value of many sections in those three little books, so widely read by university students and by others who are in process of readjustment, will certainly abide.

The California Home Missionary Society is meeting its payments to missionaries, but to do so it has been necessary to borrow some money for a time, until contributions come in more heavily, as they always do later in the year.

Development of Polity.

Prof. F. H. Foster.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, who has been a stanch Independent all his days, sees the necessity in England, at the present time, of more government among Congregationalists. It is a necessity to the more efficient prosecution of the churches' work. The same necessity has long been felt in America. We have never been so strenuous for independency as our English brethren. Of late years a constant tendency to introduce more and more faithful supervision of all forms of denominational work has manifested itself. Our missionary churches are supervised by more numerous "superintendents", or secretaries; we have increased the local secretaryships of the great central benevolent bodies; we now have at least three "Boards of Ministerial Supply" for bringing together ministers and vacant churches; and even our theological seminaries have formed an "association" for mutual help.

All this shows that we feel that we need "promoters," as they are called in the business world; viz., men to look after definite interests. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. In the past our interests have often been grossly neglected, and the progress of the denomination has been irregular. We have sought to make this all better. But we have introduced some jangling into our affairs. A multiplication of agencies has produced a multiplication of separate views of things and separate interests. What we need now is unification. We are talking of consolidating our great societies. But in every State, and in every county, if not in every church, there is a call for unification, which shall secure quiet and order with all the progress which we attain.

In some of our States this unification is already locally accomplished to a very considerable degree. The home missionary superintendent is the unifier. He is the board of ministerial supply himself; he is usually called upon all important councils, is the promoter of the general interests of the churches, planting new churches and visiting old ones; and he has a word to say in behalf of every great enterprise of the denomination. He is a most useful man. He has come to his present place of usefulness and influence without any special purpose or foresight on the part of any man. Such a man was needed to help the missionaries and the missionary churches, and naturally a great many other things fell into his hands unsought by him. He has proved so indispensable that now there is such an officer in every State in the Union where Congregationalists are to be found in any number, and sometimes more than one.

All this development points us to a step which we might take, which would introduce the needed unification to a still greater degree, if it did not finally make it perfect. By a slight change of the present arrangements, a superintendent might be appointed by the churches themselves, for every convenient group of churches (say for every 200), who should have a general superintendency over them all, large and small. The large often need such a helper quite as much as the small. He should be made the most influential man among the whole ministry. He should be the largest man that could be obtained, should have the largest salary paid (the exceptions, like Beecher, being counted out), and his office provided with everything necessary for the large work committed to him. And he should *not* be installed by any special religious ceremony, that it might always be understood that he was one among his brethren, and all possibilities of the growth of a higher order in the

ministry and a superstition of "Apostolical succession" be forefended.

Now, what would there be for him to do? and how could he help the churches onward?

(1) The local administration of all the various benevolent societies, now provided for by local secretaries, should be in his hands. That is, he should himself be the home missionary superintendent, the secretary of the Building Society, the district secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., etc., etc. If it is important that the national societies should be consolidated, it is much more important that the local administration should unified. Then we should not see churches organized by one society for another to take care of when it had no funds to undertake the task, and no buildings erected for churches that did not need them. The conflicting "home" and "foreign" societies in local churches could be united in work and spirit when they had to deal with one unified administration at the capital city. Separate clerks would be needed for separate classes of work, and in some places the staff would be large; but one spirit would pervade them all, because one man was that informing and inspiring spirit.

(2) In imitation of the plan whereby the Presbyteries of some of our sister denominations watch over the ministerial supply of their churches, it might be provided that a call should always be forwarded to a minister through the Superintendent, it being understood that he must vise the call, and that he must *withhold* the vise, if he found the standing of the candidate irregular, and might send the call back for further consideration, if he knew such facts in reference to the candidate as rendered it doubtful whether he would successfully administer the church. Our present polity gives no one outside the church an opportunity to put in a warning word, and we have the absurd situation that often the home missionary superintendent, who is expected to supply the money for a considerable portion of the salary, sees put into the pulpit, without his knowledge, it may be, and certainly without any possibility of preventing it, a man who he knows will, in all probability, waste the money and ruin the church. To keep out such a man by exposing his unfitness may be to save a church, and all the work which a succession of faithful men have done. The large churches often need this help, though the small ones may need it oftener. Many a large church, in the search for a "popular" preacher, has fallen on a blatherskite, whom the calm eye of such a superintendent as we are contending for would have detected.

(3) He should be ex-officio, a member of all ordaining councils. Himself nothing but a plain minister, this would not lead to "episcopal" pretensions; but it would serve the very important purpose of making councils within a given territory consistent in their action. The experience and influence of the Superintendent would soon detect irregularities of standing, preparation, doctrinal and spiritual qualifications, which now often pass undetected. It would soon cease to be true that any man could find a council somewhere to ordain him.

(4) Let the Superintendent, now, be expected to visit all the churches regularly for the purpose of assisting them in any possible way. He would have no "powers" of visitation; but he would come as a welcome guest, would be given all the information about the church possible, would be consulted on this difficult point and on that, as neighboring pastors are now, and, on his part, if he saw the necessity, would put in a word here or a word there, to the great advantage of all concerned. And then, in times of shifting pastorates or of special financial difficulty, or of spiritual dearth, his good advice would be invaluable. Thus he would come to know the danger points in the career of every church, the need of expension and enlargement, when that was called for, the large interests of the field, the comparative value of conflicting interests; and all this would make him successful as a "promoter," when he came to that important division of his duties.

(5) Of course, his work would culminate in his relation to his State Association. Here he would have a great variety of reports to make, and a great many things to suggest as year went after year. If that single element, now so haphazard and ineffective, even when best done—the report on the state of the churches—could be given by such a man, out of the fullness of his varied acquaintance, the whole association might be revitalized and made in a much larger sense than commonly the focal place for the spiritual fires of all the churches.

These are hints thrown out. Let them receive our serious consideration.

The Germans at Ruk.

By L. Stimson.

The Spanish never did a thing in Ruk save to put up their flag. The Governor's only word, in reply to the news of the trampling and destruction of the flag by natives, was, "It is truly lamentable." No notice was taken of the tribal wars, or even of the murder of a Japanese trader. Rules of commerce were indeed made, but not enforced; Japanese traders—perhaps others also—freely sold rifles and ammunition to the people.

After the late Spanish war Germany purchased the whole Caroline group, which extends about 1,500 miles from Kusiae to Yap, in the middle of which is Ruk, or Hogalou, inclosing a number of high islands and presenting a view of greater beauty than even Kusiae, the so-called "gem of the Pacific."

The German flag was hoisted on one of the islands of Ruk in October, 1899, by Governor Penningsen, then en route from Ponape to New Britain, his official residence. A Vice-Governor was installed in the old palace at Ponape, and a commissioner was to be placed upon Yap. Ruk fell to the care of the vice-Governor, who, it was announced, would visit Ruk every three months, beginning the following January. Nothing was undertaken toward pacifying the natives. The natives, not unnaturally, believed their condition of utter neglect by the Spanish would be continued under the German dominion. And before January was finished the treaties of peace made by the chiefs in October and November were broken, and in West Ruk there was war. The people of Fawsan, on Tol, were driven from their homes, and for weeks were refugees on a neighboring island. Joses, their teacher, and his family shared their sufferings, though Joses attempted to minister the gospel to their enemies also. Now, fifteen months later, a church edifice is probably completed at Fawson.

The war in China withdrew the man-of-war from Ponape, and the Vice-Governor's visit was delayed for twelve months. As month after month passed, the natives became more and more recklessly confident of no government, and our words of advice and rebuke were heeded by few.

Early in the year a treacherous chief, living about three miles from our mission station, attempted to arouse other chiefs to join forces with him and destroy the mission and loot the premises. The natives near us were greatly perturbed for several weeks. And it is a fact that Chief Hup, with his men clad in paint and feathers,

spent a night with another chief, upon that evil errand, when at daylight the Stars and Stripes streamed up before them on the Fish Commission ship Albatross. The native conference broke up in dismay and Hup was thoroughly frightened. Such men are cowards everywhere. I knew that it would be protection enough to be able to say to Hup that I had told the incident to Commander Maury, and that if any harm ever came to the mission he would be the first man asked for. Some weeks later he made apology and excuse, and received further warnings, and now Robert and wife are again settled there as missionaries. Hup is the chief who fired upon Captain Melander's sailors two years ago, who, in their ship's boat, were taking fresh water from a rivulet. My boys and I recovered the boat, but the skipper and his white passenger were agreed that the dangers of sailing out after dark were less than that of being attacked by canoes of armed natives.

Among the islands one barbarity followed another until later in the year the clans met for pitched battle on the northeast of Uella, upon the south of which is the old mission station, Anapano, where R. W. Logan lived some years and died. We counted some thirty canoes and boats passing within sight of our station. A small settlement was looted and burned, and a few persons injured, only a very few fatally. It is sad to know that some of our best native Christians were threatened into joining this war. During all these troublous times all our teachers clung to their posts. Pisalin and Lottie, with their little child, stayed nobly at Fowna, which was really as for years before a center of disturbance. On Oowt, another war center, Amon and Alice bravely stood their ground, and kept the chief there from entanglement. One day a bullet came into their house.

But on the 5th of last January Vice-Governor Hahl came from Ponape on a man-of-war. Within an hour from anchoring marines were among the islands in boats, arresting Japanese traders and native chiefs. Dr. Hahl seemed to know every one's name, residence and crimes. Henry Nanpei, the noted Christian chief on Ponape, accompanied the Governor and was of immense assistance.

The immediate results are that Mr. Snelling, the recalcitrant ex-missionary, was warned that, never from the day of his dismissal from the mission, had he any rights upon the property of the American Board, and was given six months in which to remove and to restore the property. All the Japanese traders have been expelled from the Caroline Islands. The charge against them is that of selling weapons of war to natives. Three great chiefs, who were prominently responsible for recent wars, were carried to Ponape in manacles. There they have been placed under the care of Mr. Nanpei for Christian instruction.

Other results are that, in the neighboring coral or "low" islands, called the Mortlocks, the churches at Lukunor, Oniop and Kutu, which for several years have been schismatic under the lead of Mr. Snelling, promptly returned to the fellowship and care of the mission. In Ruk we have already begun to receive invitations to new districts. The natives are greatly impressed by the energy now displayed by the German government. We expect some steady advance in industry, principally in drying copra. In other directions the advance, under the influence of the government, will not be what it ought to be, for already the German Reichstag has given the monopoly of the trade throughout the Carolines to the Hamburg Trading Company, though nominally withholding Ponape and Kusaie. What effect this will have upon our work remains to be experienced.

Dr. Hahl is now promoted to succeed Governor Penningsen at New Britain. His long experience with the islanders of the Pacific and his judicial temper have made his brief administration at Ponape very successful and his departure is generally regretted. The new official at Ponape will probably be the commissioner, who will be the puppet of the Trading Company, which will collect the taxes and support the government, as already in the Marshall Island.

Probably the Missionary Herald for August will contain Mr. Price's account of our recent visit to the Mortlocks and Ponape, in which I am sure there will be much to interest those who look for it.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Vacation Ramblings.

What is the secret of our fondness for the wild woods? Is it our heredity from wild ancestors who spent their lives in the forests? How a man who shrinks from harnessing a horse will caress the neck of the sagacious beast as he buckles on the collar which will haul him over the hills. There is music in the click of the heavy hames which will bear the strain of tent, blankets, feed, guns, and all the accoutrements of camp. Even the horses catch the excitement, and after the first encampment stands by the camp-fire as if they did not want to miss a single joke. Welcome, flannel shirt! Good-bye, stiff cuffs and hard frontispiece of "biled" stiffness. It's good to pull on easy overalls in which one can kneel about the ashes and brush of camp without looking for "shine" to brush him off. Rex soon finds master is not wearing Sunday clothes. He comes closer. He gets as many hugs as Max does at home. When night comes his faithful heart and warm red hair are as helpful as a blanket on the seaward side of the camp bed. There! We have forgotten the halter! Never mind; the universal bale rope will hold Bess, who wouldn't leave camp for a whole barley field. Nosebag left behind, too. Here comes in the gunny-sack—the accompaniment of all California excursions. Gunny-sacks make feed-bags, sleeping-bags, horse-blankets, bathing-suits (in extremis), and a whole lot of other conveniences. One could write an essay on the place of gunny-sacks and bale-rope in California civilization.

One thing must not be forgotten—a generous lunch-basket. Not much danger of that, especially if these same good women pack the basket who, fearful their "picnic" lunch will run short, put up a week's supply for a single meal. It makes a man a boy again to get into camp. This, I think, is its charm. Never mind the dust which has sifted into the lunch-basket. It's spicier than pepper. It don't spoil the bread. It cannot sift through the eggs nor the "spuds." Oh, you poor four hundred at Del Monte! You unfortunates at the Palace Hotel, you deluded at the Metropole, who think you are out West and your silk negligees are a sign you are taking it easy! Don't you wish you were in our camp? We don't envy you. We'd rather rustle in this brush for a cotton-tail for an evening stew, cut these redwood boughs for our beds (alas, we have forgotten the ax, and must use our knives! How green and forgetful we are when we have not camped for a year!), and cuddle down under the blankets, after our good-night prayer, and look up to the stars, than have any plutocrat pay our board at the best hotel on the Coast. Who will account for the fascinations of camp for boys, and old boys?

Big Basin Brew.

Ever since Brother Tenney and Haven Edwards explored the Big Basin I have wanted to follow their steps. I have circum-wagoned it and overlooked it from the pinnacles of the Santa Cruz mountains, but not until last week have my eyes seen its intense arboreal glories. Let me not overpraise it now. Murray so wrote up the Adirondacks that groups who followed him entered their names on hotel registers as "Murray's Fools." There are no such wonders as Yo Semite affords. There are larger redwoods in the grove at "Big Trees." The S. P. railroad will give you a sight of these in a day's outing at Felton, from either San Francisco or Oakland. Yellowstone Park is gigantic in comparison. But I am grateful California is to own and preserve twenty-five hundred acres of unsurpassed redwood grove, within a day's journey of our Bay cities. I am proud that Saratoga sent an influential telegram from her Blossom Festival, that five hundred citizens of Santa Clara county unanimously urged him to sign the Sempervirens bill. He did. Many who cannot afford Yo Semite or Yellowstone can afford outings here. The Basin is, in its way, as beautiful as Switzerland. There are several basins in the Santa Cruz mountains which, seen from the hill tops, appear as grand as the Park. But we are to own the Park. And it is traversed by fine trout streams. It will, as I said, conserve the grandest body of redwood trees, though none are so large as the giants at Felton. When a superintendent shall be appointed, and the Middletons' gate comes down, and access is free, and the genii of the Sempervirens Club begin their improvements, it will be a joyful Eden for tourists.

There may Ernest Seton Thompson's ideas about animals prevail. I'll waive my rights to the mountain lions. Let the gentle deer multiply. But if I recognize that sleek coyote who fattened on my forty Plymouth Rocks, let him look out. Mr. Middleton has right yet to close the main gateway to the Park. He is not paid yet. But campers of sense, who may be trusted to watch their fires and burn rubbish, and not pillage cordwood, can find abundant adjacent territory from which they can tramp over the Park and familiarize themselves with its beauties. On its border I ate as fine a camp stew as ever satisfied a camper's appetite and Mr. Middleton's courteous foreman guided some of our party to the beauty spot, where the government is soon to have a formal reception to the Park. Let us all, who love California, exercise our citizenship in inventive faithfulness to make Big Basin Park a boon to coming generations.

Santa Cruz Pinnacle.

Before this Santa Cruz spirit which is in my blood works off, let me tell those who love rare mountain drives of one famous point which will repay a visit. If you drive through Saratoga on your way to Boulder Creek and take the Bear Creek road to Lexington and Los Gatos, you will turn the sharp high corner and begin your ejaculations about five miles before you reach Lexington. If you go by Los Gatos, turning at Lexington, up by the beautiful Flood Ranch, you will reach it in a drive of seven miles from Los Gatos. See Big Basin at your right. See God's Pacific sea before you. Blue Monterey, sweet as the Bay of Naples, almost at your feet, at your left. My pencil fails. But I've hinted one panorama worth attention of the King's children.

No truly lovable person can fail of being loved; nor can a truly hateful person fail to be shunned and hated.

Occurrences at Pao-ting-fu.

From a letter written by Dr. A. P. Peck at Poa-ting-fu, China, May 31st, we give the following extracts:

"Pao-ting-fu, May 31, 1901.

"I try to keep from general medical work as we have no place for it, and I am too busy, but there is a good deal which I have to do for those who apply through mutual friends. I have had two bad cases of typhoid and much minor sickness among the three hundred of our people to look after. I took out some dead bone yesterday from the arm of a Roman Catholic deacon, who was shot by Boxers. The Roman Catholics have fortified villages where they defend themselves. There is a famous place fifteen miles away, where they have had numerous battles; one can hardly blame them for defending their lives. If they stopped there, our sympathies would all be with them; but the reprisals they make and the money they demand from multitudes who are not Boxers, is making them a hissing and a byword all through the country. The other day a man was brought here, shot through the chest. He claimed it was done by Boxers while he was helping some Roman Catholic against them. It was admitted that he himself was a Boxer last year, but he said he had refused to join them this year, and that, while pleading with them for the Roman Catholics they shot him. He was recognized by some of our people as having been a noted leader last year, having eighteen camps under him, and he had burned their houses and blackmailed them. We soon learned the true story—that he was shot by a Catholic. The bullet struck just below the heart and went diagonally through the chest. Strange to say, he has had hardly a bad symptom. I felt the military authorities ought to know the facts, as it is important that the leaders of the Boxer movement should be punished, so I gave the information, and the other night a detachment of French soldiers was sent to arrest him. He was not stopping on our place, but next to a place which some of our people are occupying; another adjoining compound is occupied by some of our Christians as a laundry. Unfortunately some of these rushed out, not knowing what was going on, and a boy of nineteen was mistaken for an escaping Boxer and shot dead by a French soldier. I cannot say that he was to be blamed, but it was a very sad affair, as his father is a paralytic, and his earnings were important to the family.

"These premises occupied by us, just spoken of, were put into our possession the ninth month of last year, by the owner, who was a business man here. He had two sons who were Boxer leaders. The foreign troops had just taken possession of the city, and this man wished to avoid the consequences which he feared would come to those who had been implicated in the fearful destruction and massacre. According to Chinese ideas of justice, summary vengeance should have been taken on all such, and he especially hoped to save his sons; so he came to Pastor Meng, and agreed that it would be right for him to pay a fine of two thousand tiao; this was his own proposition, and was paralleled by a great many cases in other places, some of which have been held up by sensational reporters and by Mark Twain as instances of extortion, whereas, from their standpoint, it was only pure justice, and they were glad, now that the cause had failed, to get off so easily, for they supposed their lives would be forfeited. Had the course of the representatives of the foreign powers been consistently in this line, helping the local authorities to punish the leaders, we would not see the deplorable state of things we do today,

when the mistaken kindness, especially of the United States, is interpreted as weakness, and the whole country is full of bandits. However, the man paid one hundred tiao, and turned over his place, executing a document providing that, at any time within five years, he might redeem it by paying 1900 tiao. His hopes for his sons were not entirely realized, as one of them was caught and executed. The father left for a time, but some months ago returned. As there were many more guilty than he among the people by whom we are surrounded, it seemed that his punishment, though voluntary, was disproportionate, and so we concluded not to hold him to his agreement. Last evening it was an interesting sight in my room here. We had the man come in, the three witnesses of the document, and several of the gentry, our neighbors, and explained our feelings and principles. I handed back to him his document, which, needless to say, he received with surprise and pleasure. He could not be kept from "ko-towing" to me. I told him we would consider his payment of one hundred tiao as his contribution toward the relief of the Christians, but as we had no houses of our own, and our boys' school and several families were on his premises, he might fix any proper rent and we would pay it to him from this time on. To this he and his friends protested that, after this act of generosity on our part, it would be monstrous in him to ask us rent; we were to use the premises as long as we needed—until we could rebuild—without rent. He recognized the fact that we had expended a good deal in repairs; there was not a door left on the place when we went in; and, furthermore, our occupation had prevented it from being destroyed, as many other deserted places had been. So, as he was to get his property back in better shape than when he gave it to us, he is quite satisfied not to get any rent meantime. I think this little incident will add to what we may say, without any haughty pride, is our already good reputation. I had a call this morning from the "hsien" magistrate, and one from the "fu" magistrate this afternoon, both relating to indemnity matters. The latter had received orders from Peking to direct the payment of indemnities to the Christians in the outlying districts, and reported that he had dispatched letters, ordering the payment. Our relations with the officials are very pleasant; they praise our church very highly, and, I think, heartily. Not a single lawsuit has been started by our church members, on account of all the loss and disaster of last year, while in the "hsien" yamen there is a great pile of papers of more than a hundred suits by the Roman Catholics."

"Quench Not the Spirit."

J. B. Irvine, Jr.

This injunction needs to be taken to heart in a broader and more practical way than it has yet been; and not only by individuals, but also by the Church.

In certain great principles all of us agree; but we differ in their application. We must first see the principles clearly, and grasp firmly their logical, rightful and far-reaching outcome, before we can apply them properly.

"Quench not the Spirit" refers to "the Spirit of truth," of whom Christ says, "He shall guide you into all the truth." The realm of truth is so vast that no one man, not even such a marvelous spiritual genius at St. Paul, is able to see all of the truth; much less can any one man see all its varied and needful applications in this nineteenth century of marvelous progress. Nor is any group or class of men, conservative or liberal, able to comprehend the truth. For this reason "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all" (I Cor. xii: 4, 5). These diversities are necessary for the welfare of the spiritual body of Christ (I Cor. xii: 12). To that the ascended Christ gave apostles, prophets "and teachers for the perfecting of the saints, unto the building up of the body of Christ"; but we can attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, "only by first being true in love, by holding and following the truth in love, that by speaking the truth in love we may grow up in all things into Him who is the Head, even Christ" (I Eph iv: 7-16).

The key-note and final word of this passage is that "love" that "suffereth long and is kind," that "is not provoked, that rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth." True Christian love rejoices, not in an individual or partial view of the truth, but in the whole truth, and in all of its aspects and applications. Individuals and their needs are so various that we need to know more of individual views of truth in order to understand the proper relations of the parts, and to be able to apply the truth more fully and effectually for the salvation of individuals and of society.

For this reason God now, as always, uses human instruments for the revelation of his truth and the advancement of his kingdom. Hence his Spirit may be quenched or his light greatly lessened because we now disobey the command, "Despise not prophesyings." Of course, prophesying here refers primarily to the utterance of divine mysteries. But this was despised by some people because it seemed to them frenzied, and they could not discern the divine inspiration. So today some persons despise the higher criticism because they do not like it or its results or the idiosyncracies of the critics, failing to see what is divine in the results. There is really not much difference between the contempt of the first century for ecstatic utterances and the dislike and objections of some now to critical, scholarly, scientific research when it touches the sacred Scriptures. A prophet was above all a seer, a man of intellectual and spiritual insight. Shall we practically deny that God has seers in this wondrous age of light and life? May not the Spirit of truth, who abideth with us alway, reveal the truth to us more clearly now through men of insight whom he chooses? Shall we, by theory or dogma, limit the Holy One of the spiritual Israel? This age and those who live in it are specially favorable and furnished through God's goodness for the discovery and adjustment and application of truth in its fullest and highest spiritual aspects. But to this end we must "despise not prophesyings."

It is true that we are to "prove all things"; but it is the new truth or new aspects or relations of truth that we are to prove in love and in the Spirit of Christ; and we are to "hold fast that which is good" in this new apprehension of truth.

But it is impossible for conservative minds to see clearly new truth or new aspects and relations of truth because of their type and habit of mind, and their undue suspicion of such truth and their needless fears that "the new theology" will unsettle the foundations of belief. On this point read the exceedingly important and luminous wisdom on pages 115 to 120 of President William DeWitt Hyde's admirable and most helpful "Outlines of Social Theology." Page 116 should be reverently pondered.

True faith is impossible, nor can the Spirit of Christ "guide us into all the truth" until we allow Christ's seers the fullest liberty.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (II Cor. iii: 17). There must be liberty for the scholarly Christian as well as for the unlearned to follow the Spirit of Christ as he leads us into all the truth. God interprets the Scripture through his living servants. Hence we need all of the light that we can get from all sources, and we must not limit or hinder the Spirit by denying liberty to those in whom the Spirit dwells. Nor should we judge of the spirit in another as if we were practically as infallible as the Pope. "Who art thou that judgest the servant of another? To his own lord he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be made to stand; for the Lord hath power to make him stand" (Rom. xiv: 4). "For freedom did Christ set us free: stand fast, therefore, and be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage"—neither ceremonial, intellectual, nor spiritual.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

A man sat thinking of the book of Genesis. He had studied it for years. He had read many other books that men had written about it. He was very familiar with the concept of the scholars that there are "three different documents of the book of Genesis," written by "the Jehovist," "the Elohist," and "the Priestly Writer." He knew the stories of the Hindu, Greek, Egyptian, Persian, Phoenician and Babylonian cosmogonies. He had watched the battle between the geologists and the theologians, and was familiar with the literature of both. He was aware of the inconsistencies," and knew how the critics explained them, and he had lost neither his head nor his heart. Like Paul he had "kept the faith"—and he had also kept sweet.

He was thinking aloud that day: "I am glad to know all that any other man knows. I greatly enjoy reading what great men think they know. The more I study Genesis itself and read the books that men have written about it, the stronger grows the conviction that it is God's own word to man who has somehow gotten into the toils of sin. Straight through it all runs, like a life-red artery, the first part of the story of redemption. Mountain-peaks of history appear, but only such as are needed to serve as background supports to the redemption story. And these are given only in outline, for details were not needed. There is, first, the creation-story peak. There are geological secrets there—the whole process of creation is in that mountain, but it is not all worked out in detail in the Genesis picture, because that is not the purpose for which that mountain-peak is brought into the book of Genesis. It is there as the historical background to the beginning of the great, throbbing, life-red story of redemption, and only the outline of the creation-story is needed for that purpose. And so with the other peaks of history in Genesis—the fall, the deluge, the records of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph—no more detail work is done than was necessary to show these peaks as supports to the Genesis portion of the story of redemption. The perspective of the book, as proved by the purpose for which it was written, demands that God's plan of redemption shall occupy the foreground. Everything else in the book is there to serve this, the heart of it all."

Corona, Calif.

He lives long who lives well. Time misspent is not lived, but lost.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Genesis of the Peculiar People. (Gen. xii: 1-9.)

Lesson IV. July 28, 1901.

ANOTHER FAILURE.

Our last study was the opening chapter of God's second great lesson in the training of men for glory, and honor, and incorruption. Under a new head, with divine sanction, they are sent forth to pjeople and possess the earth. Will the issue be more favorable than in the former case? It surely ought to be. Those long years from Adam to Noah, with their continuous revelations of God and the principles of his government, ought to have counted for something in preparation for this new experiment. The children of God, as represented by Noah, were in a very different, in some respects vastly more favorable, condition, than their predecessors. The experiences of centuries of religious discipline were garnered in the traditions which they had inherited. There were also their own individual experiences, specially that wonderful deliverance from the flood which had engulfed all humanity besides, and their months of reflection upon these things, while floating upon the waste of waters, with nothing else to do. Surely, one might think, the impressions of these events will be sufficient, in connection with future unfoldings, to keep the race from straying again into ways of lawlessness and sin.

And now another stretch of years, how many we know not, intervenes between the deluge and God's call to Abram.

It is a disappointing and humiliating record on the human side. Even righteous Noah and his immediate family could not wholly maintain their integrity, and in the generations after them there was one steady moral decline; self and material good usurping the place of God, and the things of God (cf. I Cor. ii: 9). There was a difference, however, between the prevailing characteristics of these times and those before the flood. Animalism was not so much the dominant feature, as arrogant self-assertion. It was marked by the rise of great idolatrous civilizations and cities. Immorality, of course, there was, and such bestialities as our modern thought refuses to harbor; but the characteristic sins were those of strong, coarse natures, puffed up by their conquests over the material world, exulting in vast enterprises and deeds of daring, and plunging into business ventures such as only limitless self-confidence and virile energy could conceive or carry through. To such natures reverence was foreign and the restraints of religion unbearable. They were the prototypes of those who, in our days, have developed a materialistic world, but rudely spurned the sanctities of faith. So their pride and godless arrogance had developed. Refusing to have the God of Adam and of Noah in their thoughts, God gave them up to delusions. They lost from their thought that sense of moral goodness which is the supreme glory of Jehovah; lost, too, the conception of his unique personality; became themselves the makers of a crowd of gods out of nature's personifications, and contemptuously flung defiance at the God who rules in the heavens.

Babel was the expression of this defiant lawlessness. And God's defeat of the Babel builders was the magnificent reassertion of that universal supremacy which they had passionately denied, an ignominious disclosure of the malign character and tendencies of human sin. "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed, Jehovah had them in

derision." So easily he accomplished their overthrow! A mere twist of speech, whether immediate or gradually effected, slight differences of pronunciation—what we term provincialisms—or the substitution of one descriptive phrase for another, such as characterize different localities—and all their proud designs are leveled to the dust. He blew upon their idolatrous systems and they withered, and, as with a whirlwind, he took away their most imposing works (Isa. xl: 18-24). But ah, how like these ancients were to the proud nation builders or business promoters of our own day, who are bent upon making a name for themselves, and who, in their arrogance, think themselves able to ignore God's great laws of justice, of righteousness and of brotherly kindness!

So the primal unity of speech, for which the race was morally unprepared, was broken up, and the affiliated families were dispersed; the Japhetites westward, to people Europe, Ham's descendants to possess the Dark Continent, and the family of Shem to remain as masters of Asia.

Abraham, Our Father.

Here our special study begins. Its opening scene is laid in Ur of the Chaldees, a great Semitic city, then, perhaps, bordering the Persian Gulf, now 125 miles inland, in southern Babylonia.

There lived Terah—an artist and maker of Chaldean gods, according to tradition—surrounded by his children, except that Abram, his eldest son, was a shepherd, whose flocks roamed far and wide over the surrounding country. The tradition is probable enough in view of later occurrences. But all that is certain is, that as a family they were Chaldeans; in religion, as in everything else (Josh. xxiv: 2, 3), one with their fellow-countrymen. Out of these traditions Mr. Herbert D. Ward has constructed an interesting "Romance of the Faith" (Century Magazine, Feb., 1894), in which the events leading up to the departure of Terah's family from their home are imaginatively set forth. It makes no claims to historical value, but is a suggestive study of one of the greatest epoch-making events recorded in history.

God Calls Abram.

God had a great work to accomplish, and as usual he made of it a partnership (cf. I Cor. iii: 9). His action here, also, was characteristic, in the choice of Abram as the pivot upon which the whole great movement should turn, the founder of the new nation. All history shows what account God has made of individuals, as contrasted with masses of men, in realizing his plans. So here, Abram was the leading spirit and the medium of divine revelation. "God said to Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee." Had it not been for Abram, Terah and all the rest would probably have lived and died as Chaldeans. It was as the representative of his own age, with his own tremendous personality added, that the son of Terah became the founder of the Jewish state, and the father of the faithful.

When was voiced that call which sent him forth a wanderer to the day of his death? Was it a single mandate, or had it often spoken to his inward sense, while out on the uplands of Mesopotamia, with his flocks feeding about him? No one can with certainty tell, but judging from God's ways with others to whom have been assigned great strategic works, we may judge that in the brief sentences of our record the history of many years has been condensed. All the moving principles of heroic action are distinguishable here (xii: 1, 2)—ambition, piety, philanthropy and special divine mandate.

God speaks to men through their native appetencies. Livingstone was thus marked out for his career in Africa, by the instincts of an explorer. God prepared our Pilgrim ancestors for their work in laying the foundations of this nation, by the great ambition with which he inspired them to establish on this western continent a commonwealth which should serve, at least, as a stepping-stone to that Kingdom of God on which all their hopes centered. In like manner he has first imparted the necessary capacities, and then has fired the ambition, of the great industrial chiefs, by some vision of what they have afterward accomplished. This, in its highest forms, has given us such merchants as William E. Dodge, such educators as Gen. S. C. Armstrong, such emancipators as Booker Washington, such statesmen as Abraham Lincoln.

So we may imagine Abram, upon the plains of Chaldea, to have mused upon the glorious revelations of superhuman power and wisdom which daily and nightly passed before his eyes. Uncontaminated by the prevalent materialism and vices of great cities, his heart opened up to the teachings of nature as to the invisible things of God (Rom. i: 20). Doubts, first vague and fleeting, as to the current religious teachings, grew as he mused, in distinctness and persistence, leading him up and back to the earlier and simpler traditions of the divine unity. The revolt of this pure heart from the abominable vileness and cruelties practised under the garb of religion alienated him more and more from Chaldaism. Desire, growing in passionateness, grew up for a completer separation from all those enormities, and a home far away, where a purer social state could be maintained, and a life more in accord with his own higher impulses be realized. So we may have imagined the way to have been prepared. And then, some day, a vision such as afterwards visited him (xv: 9-13), or such as sent the Apostle Paul over into Europe (Acts xvi: 9, 10), made his duty clearer; finally came a word like that which God was afterward wont to vouchsafe to Moses (Ex. xxxiii: 11). That decided him. He returned, we may imagine, to his native city, saw its wickedness with something of the same emotion with which the Pilgrims looked upon the irreligion of Holland, and, with those whom he could persuade to accompany him, turned his back upon it forever.

Then came the sojourn of years in the fertile region of Haran, the while God's training of his servant went on. Character developed, and the revelation of God grew apace. The conviction that not there could be found the conditions of the better life for which he yearned, pressed ever more heavily upon him. One day, perhaps, God came from behind the shadow and spoke to him face to face. "Still onward," was the summons,; whither, he knew not, only this, "unto the land that I will show thee." But to this was joined the appeal to generous ambition, "I will make of thee a great nation"; to piety, "I will bless thee and make thy name great." "I will bless them that bless thee and him that curseth thee I will curse." And to philanthropy: "Be thou a blessing." Thus the partnership is established, with its outlook opening up the grandest issue which ever stirred heroic ambition. "And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." With such an inspiring commission was the father of the faithful sent forth. Upon such a broad foundation of righteousness and blessing was the Hebrew commonwealth established.

Our hearts thrill under the words, and the revelation they make, of him "who is over all, God blessed forever." But what must they have meant to Abram, all whose early associations had been with the unspeakable

abominations of Chaldean idolatry, from which he had only partially, and by slow and painful steps, emerged into the sunshine of a belief in a God loving righteousness and hating iniquity, full of compassion, and gracious, and plenteous in mercy and truth!

Abram's Response.

Sooner or later God's call, substantially that to Abram, sounds in the ears of every man. And that is his opportunity to show the stuff of which he is made. In Abram it came to a soul prepared for it. With military promptness "Abram went as the Lord had spoken." Ignorance of the way did not deter him, knowing his Guide so well and resolutely determined on obedience. If he had been previously detained by filial reverence, that difficulty was now removed. Terah was dead. Taking with him his family and retainers, therefore, he led them forth from Haran. And well for them it was that his influence was positively exerted thus. It made them sharers with him in the blessing of the Lord. That is one of the responsibilities and privileges of influence, that one may not, need not, be saved alone.

Day by day, step by step, their unseen Guide directed their journeyings toward Canaan, "and into the land of Canaan they came." Difficulties attended them. "The Canaanite was in the land," with idolatries as polluting as those from which they had fled. And from these enemies of his faith Abram apparently met with disheartening opposition. Had he not, after all, made a mistake in leaving his ancestral home? Might he not as well have kept his new-born convictions to himself, and lived in peace? Once especially his mind would seem to have been troubled, as who of us has not been, by such questionings. It was when his tent was pitched "under the oak of Mamre." But there his watchful Lord appeared again to show him that he was in the right place, and that all that land should be the heritage of his seed. And there this father of the faithful built his altar and worshiped. Thence he went on, always with his face forward—never backward—whatever difficulties opposed, not seeing but obedient, trusting the guiding hand of his new-found God, and faithful in his worship, ever building his altar close beside his tent, wherever his home for a day, or a year, or years, might be. "And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the South." That was substantially the story of his life. "By faith he went out." "He endured as seeing Him that is invisible." It was not a mere temporary trial to which his faith was subjected. The promises of God, in their obvious sense, so far as earthly possession were concerned, were never fulfilled to him. He came into possession only of a tomb in all that land which had been promised to him. He had to find out, as all who live godly in Christ Jesus must discover for themselves, that God's ways are not as our ways and are to be reached only by childlike love. That was the chief lesson of Abram's life, and it was in learning this so well and passing it down so faithfully that the true reach of the promise made to him in Haran was disclosed. Thus, literally, all the families of the earth have been blessed in him. The nations of the saved were in embryo in that family. And along the same line of trustful obedience to the will of God, as expressed in our highest impulses, we also shall do most for the world, proving ourselves thus to be in direct descent from faithful Abraham.

Remember that every word you utter wings its way to the throne of God, and is to affect the condition of your soul forever.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Missions: True Philanthropy. (Gal. vi: 1-10.)

Topic for July 28, 1901.

Love which is not fed weakens. Love is easy to arouse, but difficult to keep in its full tide and its unselfish character. It is like a stream: somewhere there must be a fountain to feed it which is abundant enough to keep the channel filled, and pure enough to keep it fresh and sparkling. This will account for the fact that many will read the word "Missions" as the subject of our meeting, and feel in a degree repelled rather than quickened in their pulses. It requires love, fed constantly at some adequate fountain, to invest the term "missions" with an attractive, inspiring impression. How many of us Endeavorers will go to this service to speak and hear about missions and philanthropy with the same expectation and eagerness with which we have attended some of the meetings recently given to listen to "the echoes of the convention"? * * *

Of all the qualities of human nature, love must have some reason for its exercise. We often become generous because it is the fashion of the day, or the example of our set. We work in some religious enterprise because it is the thing to do just now. We pray because we were taught so to do in our young life, and it is now a habit more easily followed than forsaken. But love must have a reason for its exercise here and now and all the time, or it will die, or become a hypocrisy of the worst sort.

* * *

The reason why so many people are not interested in missions, and why the word fails to become attractive to others, is that in their hearts they have not the love which must always be in the souls of those who are to come into a living touch with that work and be inspired by its conditions and opportunities. It is not a matter of temperament or taste so much, as we sometimes think, as it is of drinking at the fountain of Christ's words, his life and his communion, until our own hearts are filled with the love he had. The essence of this love is the conviction that we are sent forth into this life of ours to bear "one another's burdens," and not in some way, polite or otherwise, to make somebody bear ours.

* * *

There never was a time when there was more activity in doing what is termed philanthropic work than at present. This is called philanthropy. Much of it may be—doubtless is—such. But to be *true* philanthropy, as our topic puts it, it must be the outpouring of a love for man without regard to race, relation, or any other selfish reason for our affection. And the condition of man which will most quickly and constantly arouse our love will be his need of forgiveness and redemption. Surely because he is hungry, or cold, or ill, or ignorant; but more than all because he is a sinner and may have the life of Jesus Christ. Generous impulses which stop short of that are not true philanthropy. Christ's love for man puts that first of all. However he fed the hungry and cured the diseased and comforted the distressed, his chief mission was to lift men from sin. His first sorrow of heart was for their stains of iniquity. The man who will give two dollars to feed the hungry and a nickel or nothing for showing men the way out of their sin into the Christian life may be doing some good, but he is not putting things as Christ did. He is not loving as the Savior of men did. He is not a true philanthropist.

We are not plowing deeply enough in our self-culture in missions. The need of missions and of gifts and support in these organizations does not lie in the fact that the heathen are uncouth, eat with their fingers, are wanting in laundry facilities, and lack the latest sanitary conveniences in their dwellings. These are important matters. They ought not to be overlooked. It would be selfish not to help these tardy people in keeping up with us in increasing their wardrobe, improving their cooking, using more stationery and a better grade of musical instruments. We must not leave our brothers in red, yellow and black behind in these things. But their great need is a freedom from their sins and a relief from that nature which gives them the love of evil. And, relatively, we have not done very much for any man if, with books and clothing and furniture, we have not made him acquainted with his Redeemer and persuaded him to make him his Lord.

* * *

Many of us are not taking our hold upon this problem as Jesus did. We appear to think that the evolution is from dress suits to robes of righteousness; from good housekeeping to mansions in the sky. But he who set us the fashion of redeeming men put the cleansing of the heart first. He first dealt with the sins of men. Seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, the personal, domestic and public adjustment to better habits is sure to come. We need a sound culture in the reason for missions such as moved the Son of God. We ought to live simpler and give more to missions—you and I ought to push the Tenth Legion among the Endeavorers because men are away from God and Christ in their sins and never can return until they know their Redeemer and receive him as their Master, to be taught in all the ways of his truth. Men need to be saved in order to be civilized, and not civilized in order to be saved. That is the philanthropy of Jesus Christ.

Happiness is a Thing of Habit.

Yesterday my duty as school clerk called me to visit my neighbor. I felt depressed in spirit, for only four days before a severe hail storm had nearly destroyed my wheat fields. I had hoped to reduce my indebtedness and send my daughter away to school to prepare herself for a teacher. The way seemed dark, indeed, before me and I could not see in my care how "all things work together for good to those that love the Lord." My neighbor is out of debt, owns a large farm, has fine buildings, plenty of good horses and machinery, and grown children to do all of his work. Surely, I thought, he will meet this loss with good courage and cheerfully prepare to do next year's work.

But I found exactly the reverse true. He was so cast down, so utterly unnerved, so hopelessly depressed, that instantly my sympathies went out to him and for the time being I forgot my own loss, and came away thinking only of his trouble. Suddenly, as I drove along the road, it flashed upon me, "Happiness is surely a thing of habit." Here is my neighbor, with everything in the world to make life delightful, plenty of this world's goods, and no debts to worry him, so miserable over the loss of a few hundred dollars that he hoped to get that life does not seem to him worth living.

So, telling Jesus of my troubles and asking him to make a way out of them for me, I began humming a little song I had learned in my youth—

> "So let the wide world wag as it will,
> I'll be gay and happy still."

I came home in good spirits, ready to take up my daily task and to trust.—"Luella," in Christian Herald.

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The Zulu Mission.

(Extracts from a letter from Miss Mellen, of the Zulu Mission, in Natal, South Africa.)

April 4th, 1901.

A visit of ten days has recently been paid Esidumbini; it was "good to get home again and see the darkie folk." Only it rained almost incessantly, so I could not go about among the people, nor visit the outstations as I had anticipated doing: this was a great disappointment; however, a number came to see me and we had pleasant visits that way. Hannah came several times and had many questions to ask, and many things to tell of her own experience and work. She met with a serious accident not long ago, when getting up suddenly one night at the call of her daughter-in-law, who was ill, she slipped and fell against the sharp edge of her bed, bruising her head badly; a native doctor came to their assistance, but made matters worse by lacerating the skin and causing an ugly, open wound. Hannah was "so thankful the skull was not broken, and that Miss Pixley came back from mission meeting in time to help her with soothing medicine." The dear old woman looks thin and says, "Ba ya fa indhlala" ("they are dying from famine"); the summer's drought has ruined their gardens; but she is as faithful as ever in keeping up her kraal meetings, and told me a number of interesting incidents in connection with them; one, of a poor old blind man who—once with a heart like adamant—had become converted, and the gift of prayer he possessed was wonderful! Another, of the death of an old woman in whom we were especially interested—how she called her friends about her, testified to her joy in salvation and urged them to become Christians. Her message to the church was, "Pray without ceasing."

Several of "my babies" came to see me. Sibusino told his grandmother, Hannah, that he "was glad his other mother had come, for now he would have a new shirt." His older brother, Solomon, has reached the dignity of trousers, and wears a cloth cap in place of Miss Hance's castaway straw bonnet; he was very proud to receive his first jacket. Vala was especially pleased because her new dress had a real collar to it. Perhaps you will remember this is the little girl whose father said of her, if any one influenced the mother to be a Christian she would, from the way in which she insisted upon their saying their prayers night and morning. Now the mother has become a Christian and has sold her best skin garments to buy civilized clothes, "which are to be a sign that she has first clothed her heart." She looked so bright and happy when she told me this. The pastor and his family were well; the oldest boy went to Lovedale Institute at the beginning of the year. * * * Do you remember Nomagemegeme, a girl at Idabango, whose father persecuted and beat her and threatened to

kill Willie, he was so angry at her being a Christian? She quietly but firmly persisted in going to school, and tried to show a cheerful Christian spirit at home; at last her father was "overcome"; now he is proud of his Christian daughter, and has consented to her engagement to a Christian young man; furthermore, he dissuaded another heathen man from persecuting his daughter, who had become a Christian, partly through Nomagemengeme's influence, telling him how he regretted his treatment of his own daughter.

It was a disappointment not to be able to go to Noodsberg; but Sophia came down on Saturday (the first bright day), and stayed till Tuesday. She told me all about the work and the people; their joy in Daniel, the preacher, what an earnest worker he is, holding services and teaching Enquirers' classes every day in the week and inspiring others to Christian work. * * * A little incident about Sophia pleased me very much. She is a voluntary worker, receiving no support, but rich reward in love and in joy; so once a year I have sent her a small "gift," and this time she wanted me to know how she had invested it: viz., in an umbrella and a warm cape, which would be a protection against rain and cold, and prevent her from ever making these an excuse for not doing her Master's work among the kraals. Whenever she was tempted to say, "I cannot go today; it rains, or it is cold," these would answer, "I am your protection, and am waiting to be used"; then straightway she would arise and go.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Miss Martha Pixley are doing good work at Esidumbini, and it is such a comfort to think of their being there. There were many happy, encouraging things to see and hear, yet others that made me sad, especially among some of the young people on the station, a number of the girls in whom we had had such hope and confidence have "backslidden," and some of them actually gone wrong. This is one of the most painful things to meet in our work. * * *

A memorial service was held at Esidumbini in December, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the station. I hope to send you Mr. Taylor's report as soon as I can make copies. (See fuller report of the memorial service in Mr. Taylor's letter in Missionary Herald for July.—Ed.) I have been doting on a typewriter coming from America, and with it to be able to accomplish more in the way of letters to you. It has come, but so injured from having been badly packed for its long journey I cannot use it; this is another disappointment. But I have so much for which to be thankful—good health, kind and loving friends on earth, your prayers and support, and the bright prospect of an eternal home with our Redeemer!

We give on our cover page this week a picture of the Congregational church building at Nome. This building was erected between February 1st and April 1st, and must have meant much hard work and cold hands and fingers, with the temperature below zero during the whole process of building. In the photograph from which this cut was taken was included the thirty-five or more people, men and women, who had given continuous volunteer labor to the accomplishment of the end attained. The building will seat about five hundred. Superintendent and Acting Pastor Davies, with the hearty co-operation of the church, has had great success in all his work, and is greatly beloved by all at Nome.

Marguerite, the ten-year-old daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Geo. B. Hatch of Berkeley, who had been ill for some time, died at Santa Cruz last Sunday.

Church News.

Northern California.

Guerneville.—The church had a gift last Sunday of new hymn books.

Alameda.—The pulpit will be supplied for the next two Sundays by the Rev. Andrew M. Brodie of Manistee, Michigan.

Picard.—Work has commenced on a new church building, according to plans drawn in Los Angeles. The cost will be about $1,000.

Tulare.—The pastor here has resigned to accept a call from Post Angeles, Washington. The church at Tulare is very fortunate in having with them Rev. J. B. Clark, who is abundantly able to take up the work.

San Francisco, Green Street.—The work is very promising in this church, under the direction of the new pastor, Rev. C. H. Stevens. Among material improvements are new windows and a new coat of paint for the exterior.

Southern California.

Lemon Grove.—A "Win One" society has been organized. It has eight members and more are to join.

Sherman.—At the July communion five were received to the church, two of these on confession of faith. There were two adult and three household baptisms.

Norwalk.—The church finds it difficult to secure evening congregations these summer months and has voted to discontinue evening services during July and August.

Los Angeles, East.—On Sunday, July 7th, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. Roy B. Guild of Leavett Street church, Chicago, who has come for a six weeks' exchange with Pastor Dorland.

Los Angeles, Olivet.—The pastor, Rev. W. A. Lamb, has gone with his wife and daughter on vacation to Boston. During the absence of the pastor the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. F. J. Culver and Assistant Pastor J. E. Monroe.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—Rev. J. L. Maile preached here July 7th, morning and evening. At the morning service a collection was taken for the C. C. B. S., and over fifty dollars was realized toward payment of the loan made by that society.

Redondo.—With the coming of the summer months Pastor Habbick finds increasing congregations and much encouragement from the attendance of visitors. The interior of the church has just been renovated, at an expense of forty dollars.

Highland.—Two members were received on confession July 7th. Eight in all have united with the church since January 1st. Some have come at each communion service. Pastor E. D. Hale of Niles preached a very excellent sermon at Highland the last Sunday in June.

Corona.—One young lady from the Sunday-school united with the church on confession of faith at the July communion. During July and August the Congregational and Baptist churches will unite in both morning and evening services, the Baptist pastor taking his vacation in July, the Congregational pastor to be absent through August.

Buena Park.—Four members were received to the church the first Sunday of July, three of them on confession. The church has been greatly built up during the past year under the pastorate of Mr. Herbert E. Hays, a licensed preacher. He goes to the Pacific Theological Seminary to complete his course of study for the ministry. The church will be supplied for the present by Rev. Carl E. Sinclair, lately pastor at Farmington, New Hampshire.

Whittier.—At July communion six new members were received into fellowship. The church is constantly growing, having received thirty-six members since last October. No special evangelistic meetings have been held. "Revival work," so-called, appears to have been so far overdone in that community that it is not deemed expedient for our church at present to add another to the list of protracted meetings. Rev. Geo. H. De Kay presented the work of the Industrial Home at a recent morning service and a contribution of more than twenty dollars was made for that work.

Escondido.—Pastor N. T. Edwards reports one new member received July 7th on confession of faith. On July 10th he officiated at a double wedding, in which were married Prof. Henry Halliday, principal of the San Diego high school, and Miss Vivienne Crise; also Mr. Herbert W. Cleave and Miss Lola Crise—the brides being daughters of Dr. D. Crise. * * * Last year the church rented a piece of land, and sowed it with grass. Recently, when the time came to harvest the crop, everybody was busy, help was scarce; and so Pastor Edwards turned farmer and cut the hay. The crop amounted to about forty tons.

Riverside.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. E. F. Goff was celebrated by the church recently. The pastor and his wife were brought to the church parlors on that occasion on some pretext, when the arrangements that had been made with great secrecy burst upon them as a grand surprise. Among the persons present was the pastor of the Baptist church, who spoke feelingly of the love and harmony existing in the church, and between it and the pastor. There was from many testimony as to the spiritual power and helpfulness of Mr. Goff's sermons, and to the faithfulness and helpfulness of Mrs. Goff as pastor's helpmeet. There was presented on this occasion, to Mr. and Mrs. Goff on behalf of the church and congregation, a handsome solid silver teapot with "a drawing of tea" in the shape of 150 new silver dollars. In his words of reply to all that was said and done, Mr. Goff said: "I thought this congregation was Republican, and stood by the gold standard. Well, it's as good as gold, anyhow. This is a genuine surprise, and the first I have ever had. Mrs. Goff and I are deeply touched by the kindness of the congregation. We have loved you; we have not forgotten to pray for you when sorrow came into your homes, but we had no right to expect such a generosity and thoughtfulness. If you have found my sermons helpful, it is because you have made them so, by your love and appreciation."

Rev. Horace W. Houlding, formerly pastor of Park church, San Francisco, and later a missionary in China, now on an enforced furlough in this country, is for the present employed as a lecturer in an interdenominational training school for Christian workers in Los Angeles. He expects to return to his work in China as soon as the Lord shall open the way.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. J. R. Knodell returned last week from his trip to Yosemite.

Rev. W. H. Cross of Saratoga is at Pacific Grove for a brief vacation.

Rev. J. H. Goodell is spending his vacation in Humboldt county.

Professor C. S. Nash preached at Sebastopol Sunday. Rev. C. C. Kirtland was at Sonoma.

The editor of The Pacific returned last week from his trip to Oregon.

The Congregational Sunday-school at Martinez has established a home study department.

Rev. H. M. Tenney of San Jose goes next week to Klamath Lake in Oregon for a vacation of a month.

Rev. E. S. Williams is in charge at Pacific Grove during the absence of Rev. O. W. Lucas, the pastor.

The Rev. Clarence T. Brown of Salt Lake City is spending his vacation in San Francisco and vicinity.

Rev. L. D. Rathbone and family of Santa Rosa are spending their vacation near Guerneville, camping out.

The Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Redlands have entered on union services for the summer.

Prof. F. H. Foster has been supplying for two Sundays the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church of Alameda.

Rev. Francis Lawson, who has been at McCook, Nebraska, for some months, is now at Corvina, in Los Angeles county.

The meeting of the General Association will in all probability be held in Oakland this year, and at the usual time in October.

Rev. B. F. Sargent of the North Berkeley church is spending his vacation at Santa Cruz. Last Sunday he occupied the Congregational pulpit.

Mrs. R. C. Brooks of Oakland has been in attendance at the Chautauqua at Ashland, Oregon, during the last week, having place on the program as solo singer.

Otterbein, the Ohio college which conferred on Rev. E. S. Chapman the degree of D.D. several years ago, has honored him this year with the degree of LL.D.

Rev. A. M. Brodie of Manistee, Michigan, who is spending his vacation in California, occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational church of this city last Sunday.

Rev. E. J. Singer has been quite sick at his home in this city for the past week. He is improving now, but is not likely to be at his work for a week or ten days yet.

The Rev. Dr. Day and wife of Los Angeles begin their vacation July 15th with a two weeks' sojourn at Long Beach. Later, they plan to spend two or three weeks in the mountains.

One of our ministers (Congregational) married an Italian "liberal" Catholic to a Methodist Yankee in a Presbyterian church, the other day. A Jew was "best man," and the little congregation embraced Poles, French, and Germans.

The Pacific enjoyed this week a call from Miss Elizabeth Hunt, a daughter of the Rev. Dwight T. Hunt,

the first pastor of the First Congregational church of this city, and one of the first editors of this paper. Miss Hunt's home is in Boston. Mrs. Hunt is still living. Mr. Hunt died about seven years ago.

Rev. S. Bristol of Montalvo, now eighty-six years of age, writes to a friend as follows: "My boys are all away and the chores and work on the farm all devolve on me. But as my day, so is my strength. I am able to work nearly all day in the field. I do not see that in my mental work—writing letters, etc.—age tells upon me materially. Spiritually, my cup overflows much of the time."

The San Francisco Ministers' Meeting passed a very profitable hour last Monday, with Prof. F. H. Foster as speaker. The talk was concerning "The Kenosis"—the emptying of himself on the part of Christ, mentioned in the epistle to the Philippians. Professor Foster has found the Kenosis theory to be the solvent of many difficulties, and believes that it is that which will preserve for the church its belief in the divinity of Christ. Next Monday the Rev. Miles Fisher will read a paper.

The Rev. Griffith Griffiths of Eureka was the recipient, a few days ago, of one hundred dollars in gold from the people of Eureka. The Rev. C. A. Huntington, now in his ninetieth year, was the moving spirit in the affair. He was supported in it by the business men, who were glad to be able in this manner to show their appreciation of Mr. Griffiths' work in that city. About two hundred persons were in attendance at the gathering in which Mr. Griffiths was thus pleasantly remembered and surprised.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

Last Sunday witnessed the culmination of several weeks of ceaseless activity and earnest, prayerful effort upon the part of the pastor of the First church of this city. Early in the year, as the time approached when it became necessary to begin preparation for the fitting celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the life of the church, Dr. Ackerman laid plans to gather in as large an addition to the membership as possible. The success in this special effort became apparent at the communion last Sunday, when twenty-eight members united with the church, twelve on profession of faith and sixteen by letter. A dozen others are almost persuaded to take a definite stand for Christ, and will doubtless settle the question before a great while.

At the Willsburg church the communion service was held on June 30th, Rev. D. B. Gray preaching the sermon. One member was received on confession, and he came from the Sunday-school. During the past spring there has been preaching more or less regularly. Mr. Philbrook of St. Helens supplied twice, Mr. Lyman of Forest Grove twice, Mr. Taggart of Mississippi Avenue church, once on Children's Day, and Revs. Mr. Rowley and Mr. Gray have given an occasional Sunday, to whom the church feels deeply indebted for encouragement and advice. It is hoped that in the near future there will be some one connected with the church as a pastor, who will preach regularly.

Rev. Henry L. Bates of Forest Grove is temporarily supplying the Hassalo Street church.

The church at Forest Grove met with a sad loss last Sunday night in the destruction of their house of worship by fire. Incendiarism is suspected as the cause. The Congregational church of Forest Grove, originally known as the "First Church of Tualatin Plains," was organized in June, 1842, by Rev. J. S. Griffin. In 1845 Rev. Harvey Clark became the pastor, and a log house was soon after erected for a church home. In 1854 Rev. Thomas Condon, now professor of geology in the University of Oregon, became pastor and remained a year. He was followed by Rev. Harvey Clark, Rev. S. H. Marsh and Rev. E. Walker, as supplies for two years, the services being held in the college chapel. In 1858 an edifice, the one now destroyed, was begun. It was dedicated October 26, 1859. The structure cost about $7,000. Rev. W. A. Tenney became pastor in May, 1861, serving eighteen months. Temporary supplies of the pulpit followed until February, 1867, when Rev. D. A. Miles became pastor and remained two years. He was followed by Rev. S. S. Van Dersal, Rev. J. F. Ellis, Rev. H. S. Mills, Rev. Charles F. Wood, Rev. Daniel Staver, Rev. Alonzo Rogers, Rev. Austin Rice and Rev. Morton D. Dunning, the present pastor. It is believed that there was $2,000 insurance on the building and contents. The sympathies of every Congregationalist in Oregon should be extended to this church in its trial, and if a small contribution from all over the State could be sent in at once the problem of rebuilding could be settled very soon. Such an occasion is a fitting time to show sympathy in a practical way.

Rev. R. S. Stubbs and wife are here visiting their son, a business man of this city. Both were members of the First church a good many years ago, and Mr. Stubbs was chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel, and did most efficient work. He came to Portland first in 1876, and although in his seventy-ninth year, is still doing active duty, although for ten years past he has been connected with the Seamen's Bethel in Tacoma, Washington.

The First church of Salem, Rev. W. C. Kantner, pastor, adopted a unique way of celebrating the forty-ninth anniversary of the organization of the church. The ladies at the beginning of the year set out to annihilate a lingering, peace-destroying debt. So on July 11th a goodfellowship meeting of the church was held, to hear reports and fitly celebrate the church's natal day. The first thing done after the devotional introductory services was the election of three persons to membership on confession of faith, making a total of 199 for the present pastorate. Plans for the organization of the church for work were discussed and arrangements made for the inauguration of a fall campaign, so that no time be lost after vacation. After this the President of the Ladies' Aid Society reported that the ladies had $180 in cash on hand beside the uncounted amount in the unopened Jubilee Fund Boxes. This would all be appropriated toward the debt if the balance could be provided for at once. The ladies in charge of the boxes adjourned to a committee room, opened the boxes, and returned and reported $188.84 more. There remained still a balance of $185, which in a few minutes was secured in cash and subscriptions, after which the large congregation joined heartily in singing, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." A delightful social hour followed, during which several ladies surprised the rest by serving the company with ice cream and cake. Thus the First church of Salem begins the new year a free church, with bright prospects for good spiritual results.

The vacation season has begun and our people are going into the mountains or to the coast; yet the weather here in this city is most delightful, and there are a goodly number of visitors from abroad who find this an ideal place to spend their summer resting time. Many are taking a trip up the Columbia river for the first time to The Dalles by boat, and coming to know, as some of us here have known for many years, that there is nothing finer on this continent, or any other for that matter.

Portland, July 14, 1901.

Our Boys and Girls.

Jack's Boomerang.

Aunt Flora was making some walnut creams that last afternoon in March. She had to crack the nuts very carefully to get them out whole, and some halves of shells were not broken at all. Jack's sharp eyes discovered them in the coal-hod.

"Oh, goody!" cried he, "they'll be just the thing to fool Teddy with tomorrow, Aunt Flo. I'll stick 'em together and he'll think they are regular walnuts."

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Flora. "He is such a little boy, and he will be so disappointed; I wouldn't, Jack."

But Jack would. He picked out shells enough to make three walnuts; then he got the glue bottle and stuck them together so carefully you wouldn't have known they were ever cracked.

"Don't they look just good enough to eat?" laughed he. "Now, when they get dry I'll put them in a paper bag and give them to Teddy in the morning."

Then he ran out to his play, whistling; and he played so long and hard that he didn't think of the walnuts until he came home from school next day at noon. Aunt Flo had put them away for him, however. She told him where to find them.

"On the second shelf of the dining-room closet, in a paper bag," said she.

Jack's face had a sober look. He thought, perhaps, Aunt Flora didn't like his joke.

"Maybe I hadn't best fool Teddy," said he. "Guess I'll take 'em out and fool Johnny Wilson. I haven't been fooled today, Aunt Flo."

But Aunt Flora did not answer, and when Jack got to the dining-room he found Teddy there. It did seem too good a chance to be lost. Jack took the bag of walnuts from the closet shelf.

"Hello, Teddy!" he said, "have some nuts?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Teddy, running to get the tack-hammer. He liked walnuts almost better than anything else. "You're the bestest boy, Jack," he said.

At this Jack looked sober again. I think he felt a little ashamed. After all, it wasn't the best of fun to fool a little five-year-old boy, and his own brother, too. But he gave Teddy the bag.

In less than two seconds down came the hammer on the first walnut. It cracked very easily indeed, and it had the funniest kernel you ever saw in a nut—a bright, new dime! It didn't take long to crack the other two, you may be sure; and there was thirty cents—enough to buy two whole pounds of walnuts.

"Oh, oh!" cried Teddy, astonished beyond measure. "Are they mine? Where did 'em come from?"

Jack's face was red as a rose. He was almost ready to feel cross about it; but, looking up, he saw Aunt Flora smiling in the doorway, and laughed instead, a little sheepishly.

"I guess I'm like the story you told about the man that threw the boomerang, Aunt Flo, and it came back and hit him," said he. "But I'm glad of it, just the same."—Youth's Companion.

Won a Place by a Whistle.

He was an odd-looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow, says an exchange. His nose was red, his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweat-band; but he piped away like a steam whistle, and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" from an imposing looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"A nickel's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do no better; but I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushing. Good morning," and the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused.

"Just see that little rascal make the snow fly!" he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why, he's a regular snow-plow; and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite! and how comical! I wonder if he's hungry?"

She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more more than a cup of coffee.

"Too busy," he said.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man, as he insisted on settling at twenty-five cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl for Christmas. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went, with glowing cheeks and his cheering whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother; and it was the husband who installed the sturdy little snow-shoveler as office boy in a bright new uniform, and with permission to whistle when he feels like it.—Presbyterian.

One of Lawton's Stories.

General Lawton never wearied of telling the following story, illustrative of the irrepressible good nature of the Negro soldier:

The night of the El Caney affair, when my division was marching back to El Poso, to take up a new position the next morning, I was sitting with Major G. Creighton Webb, Inspector-General of my staff and one of the pluckiest men I know, at the side of the road. My men were filing past and we watched of ginger. The day was just beginning to dawn when we heard some one coming down the road, talking at the top of his lungs. He talked and laughed and laughed and talked, and the men with him were chattering and joking.

"Here come the colored troops," said Webb, and sure enough the Twenty-fifth infantry came along. The man who was doing the talking was a six-foot corporal. He carried two guns and two cartridge belts loaded full, and the man to whom the extra gun and belt belonged was limping alongside him. The tall corporal was weighted down with his blankets and haversack, but in his arms he carried a dog, the mascot of his company.

Here, corporal," said Webb, "didn't you march all last night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, trying to salute.

"And didn't you fight all day?"

"Sure, sir."

"And haven't you been marching ever since ten o'clock tonight?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal.

"Well, then," shouted Webb,"what in the mischief are you carrying the dog for?"

"Why, boss, the dog's tired," was the reply.

Webb just rolled over in the dirt and laughed and cried like a boy.

The Home.

Sympathy.

There are few characteristics of our human nature so beautiful as sympathy. It is the silver cord that binds our hearts together and, from the scattered fragments of our great humanity, makes all one. Sympathy is the bond that unites many lives so that a thousand hearts throb in the unity of love.

Men may have diffrent natures like the notes of many instruments, some harsh, some mellow, some soft and gentle, others thundering in their power, yet sympathy is the harmony of all, as they swell into one great melody without dissonance or discordant note.

Such sympathy is possible because we are made in the image of God. Not after many patterns and many models, but in one image, so that we can live and labor and progress together. He gave man, too, the power of speech, so that we can draw closer by communicating the feelings of our hearts.

Yet some men have no true sympathy; they are all self. They work with others harmoniously so long as they can serve their own ends, but when the sunlight of success fades, the partnership is dissolved. So we find that sympathy is bought with gold and traded with as common merchandise; but in the marts of commerce it is despoiled of all its beauty. True sympathy is the divine element in man. It demands tenderness, sensitiveness; even as in the flowers of spring. They can bend to the cool breath of evening and look upward to the warm midday sun. They can bow the head when the showers are falling and put forth their cheerful beauty when the clouds are past.

To be sympathetic does not mean to be changeable and irresolute. A weak and fickle nature cannot fully sympathize. It needs a strong, brave heart to be able, in spite of its own joys or sorrows, to weep with those who mourn and rejoice with those who are glad.

The sympathetic man can draw the veil across his own merriment and the vision of his joy and share the bitterness of another's sorrow; or, if needs be, can dry his tears and silence his cry of grief lest his despondency should mar another's gladness.

A purer sympathy, large-hearted and sincere, would make the world a nobler world and the man who owned it but little lower than the angels of God, for it is the offspring of the deepest love and this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.—Great Thoughts.

The Work That Is Never Done.

"If things would only stay done—if I could look back over the day and see one thing accomplished which will not have to be done over again tomorrow, I should not get so tired of it, or feel so discouraged!"

How many millions of wives and mothers have made some such comment as this on the monotony of household tasks! It is not alone the deadly sameness, the constant repetition of little duties; it is ever more the feeling of futility, the apparent failure to accomplish any enduring results. The bread which was baked this morning will be gone tomorrow. The dishes are washed and put away only to be used and washed again. The linen fresh from the ironing-table will be back in the laundry by the end of the week. The rooms swept clean the other day already need sweeping again. The children call for endless sympathy and attention.

A man's work may be ever so hard; it is less often clouded by this sense of unproductiveness. It usually brings a definite reward in the feeling of something accomplished, some tangible result achieved. The architect points to the finished building, and says: "I designed it." The carpenter and the mason who see the structure growing under their hands know that it will stand for years, an unimpeachable witness to their industry and faithfulness.

But the things which are tangible are not always those which are most real or most useful. There are other noble works besides fine buildings. The young man who goes out into the world healthy and clean-minded, strong in principles which he acquired at home, and firm in the belief that there is no other woman in the world quite so good as his mother—he is a nobler work even than a Parthenon or a Taj Mahal. And the daughter who has grown to womanhood with a pure heart and hands trained to perpetuate in a new home the deeds of usefulness and comfort learned in the old—is she less to the world than brick and marble?

"Do not think that nothing is happening because you do not see yourself grow, or hear the whir of the machinery," says Henry Drummond. "All great things grow noiselessly. You can see a mushroom grow, but never a child."—Selected.

Story of Eleven Poor Boys.

John Adams, second President, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterward a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Allegheny mountains. His father cut the logs and built the house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy, in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio river, until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.—

Willie was ashamed. He hung his head and blushed. A rude boy had laughed at him, and said, "Oh, you 're a church-member!" At night Willie's mother told him some stories about Paul, and he said, "I like him; he was brave." Then his mother opened the Bible and read what Paul wrote about not being ashamed of the gospel. "I am sorry I was ashamed," said Willie. "I will hold up my head next time as bravely as Paul did."—Unidentified.

NO PLACE FOR KICKERS.

Among the newspaper waifs we find the following bit of wisdom, which every good citizen will conclude that his neighbor might well heed:

If your neighbor is prosperous, let him prosper. Don't grunt, growl or grumble. Say a good word to him and let it go at that. Don't be a knocker. Your turn will come. No man is a whole show. If you see the town moving along nicely, feel good about it. Help things along; show a little push. Try to get some of the benefit yourself. Don't stand around like a chilly cadaver. Don't waste your time feeling sore because some other fellow has a little more sense than you have. Do a little hustling yourself. Don't be a knocker. If you can say a good word, say it like a prince. If you are full of bile and disposed to say something mean, keep your mouth shut. Don't be a knocker. No man ever got rich or happy by minding everybody's business but his own. No man ever helped himself up permanently by knocking his neighbor down. Give a kind word; give it liberally. It won't cost you a cent, and you may want one yourself some day. You may have thousands today and next year be without the price of a shave. So don't be a knocker. You can't afford it. It won't pay. There's nothing in it. If you want to throw something at somebody, throw cologne.

FENELON'S PRAYER.

O Lord! I know not what I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I want; and thou lovest me, if I am thy friend, better than I can love myself. O Lord! give to me, thy child, what is proper,, whatsoever it may be. I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before thee. I open my heart to thee. Behold my wants, which I myself am ignorant of; but do thou behold, and do, according to thy mercy, smite or heal, depress me or raise me up. I adore all thy purposes without knowing them. I am silent; I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to thee. I have no more any desire but to accomplish thy will. Lord, teach me how to pray. Dwell thou thyself in me by thy Holy Spirit. Amen.

It is not always wise to bestow money upon those who ask it.

ABOUT TEMPER.

There are three reasons why one ought to control his temper, and the first is self-respect. When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license, but there must surely come a reaction of regret. When he is calm again and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he gave himself away, and the exhibition he made of himself. He will recall the amazement on the faces of his friends, and the silence which they adopted as a protective measure and the soothing language which they used, as if they were speaking with a baby, and the glances which passed between them. He will not soon hold again with them as strong as he did before this outburst, nor will he have the same claim upon their confidence as a sound and clear-headed man. He has acted like a fretful, peevish child, and has for the time forfeited his title to manhood and the place of a man.—Ian Maclaren in the New York Observer.

I was struck by a remark I heard in Scotland about an undoubted Christian. Some one said, "He is a very good man, but he does not remind me of Christ." No man can really remind us of Jesus unless he loves the people, and is loved by the people. We have presented to the people all sorts of false Christs, caricatures of Christs, but the real Christ is one who, when seen, attracts the crowd everywhere. Wherever Jesus went he was surrounded by the multitude.—Hugh Price Hughes.

If we should set down in one column all that we had gained through worry, and in another all that we had lost by the habit, it would not take long for us to decide whether it paid or not.

The federal courts in Cincinnati and Kansas City have granted a temporary injunction against picketing men in front of places of business. The hearing of the case for a permanent injunction has been set for July 15th.

We shall not worry about our work if we remember that our concern to do our best, while results belong to God.

HUMOR.

"It's easy to be a great novelist nowadays; the last work is always the best." "Yes; it used to be that authors died, and their works lived; now the authors live and the works die."—Life.

Judge—Have you got anything to say before the court passes sentence?

Prisoner, Well, all I've got to say is, I hope you'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer and let me off easy. —Tit-Bits.

The great p'int about gittin' on in this life is bein' able to cope with your head winds. Any fool can run before a fair breeze, but, I tell ye, a good seaman is the one that gits the best out o' his disadvantages.—Sarah Orne Jewett.

Pat—"If wan of us gets there late, and the other wan has been there and gone, or if he didn't come yet? Mike—"We'll aisly fix thot. If Oi get there furrust, I'll make a chalk-mark on the side-walk, and if you get there furrust you'll rub it out."

An organist, who recently died in Sweden, had held the positions of choirmaster and organist in one church for seventy-two years, without missing a service. Evidently church choirs in Sweden are more peaceful institutions than they are in some other countries.

Mother of nine children (looking into the stocking basket): "Well, Bridget, for one thing I am sure; we shan't have to darn stockings after ten o'clock at night in the next world."

Bridget (sympathetically): "Shure, an' that's thrue for you, ma'am, for all the pictures av angels that ever I saw was barefutted."

A Proud Record: "I see that one of the newly appointed patrolmen made an arrest within twenty minutes after he assumed his duties," said the observant citizen to the experienced policeman. "That's nothing," smiled the latter, "I went to sleep while my commission was being handed to me."—Baltimore American.

Phrenologist (enthusiastically)—"Why, sir, your bump of veneration is the greatest I have ever seen; such a bump should make you a bishop!"

Delighted subject—"Begorra, an' is that so? Well, I'll get Paddy Nolan to give me another whack in the same place, and I'll be an archbishop at once."—Tit-Bits.

Florence Nightingale, though in her eighty-first year, takes an active part in hospital work. It is said that in the room adjoining her own are chairs for the use of committees of hospitals and other charities in which she is interested, and Miss Nightingale communicates with them through the secretary. Nurses, however, go to the side of her couch to receive their instruction direct from her.—Religious Telescope.

The healing of a soul is more wonderful than the healing of a body.

Swallowing

A sword is a trick not conducive to health or longevity. But it is not more injurious than the hasty swallowing of half masticated food washed down by gulps of ice water in summer or cups of hot coffee in winter. Hasty eating is the foe of health. Sooner or later it must result in indigestion or some other form of stomach disease.

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SEEING THE BRIGHT SIDE.

To the Christian there is always a bright side, no matter how dark the storm cloud of trouble may be. Of this truth the following is a simple, beautiful illustration: An old colored woman once went to a Christian delegate at Vicksburg who was very ill with fever and much depressed in spirit, and said, "Massa, does yo' see the bright side dis mornin'?" "No, Nanny," said I, "it isn't so bright as I wish it." "Well, massa, I allus see de bright side." "You do?" said I "may be you haven't had much trouble." "May be not," she said; and then went on to tell me in her simple, broken way of her life in Virginia, of the selling of her children, one by one, of the auction sale of her husband, and then of herself. She was alone now in camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years. "May be I ain't seen no trouble, massa." "But, Nanny," said I, "have you seen the bright side all the time?" "Allus, massa, allus." "Well, how did you do it?" "Dis is the way, massa. When I see de brack cloud comin' over"— and she waved her dark hand inside the tent, as though one might be settling down there—"an' 'pears like it's comin' crushin' down on me, den I jist whips aroun' on de oder side, an' I find de Lord Jesus dar; and den it's all bright an' cl'ar. De bright side's allus where Jesus is."—Religious Telescope.

The teacher was trying to communicate to the juvenile class an idea of faith, and to better illustrate she held up an apple and said: "If I were to tell you there are no seeds in this apple you would believe me without further proof, would you not?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the class in chorus. "Well, that is faith," said the teacher. The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she asked: "Who can tell me what faith is?" "I can," promptly answered a small urchin. "It's an apple what ain't got no seeds in."—Chicago News.

A young theological student supplied the pulpit in a Vermont village one summer; and the involuntary smiles of his rural congregation one Sunday worked a change in his habit of emphasizing pronouns for which his friends and professors had longed. He was reading the thirteenth chapter of I Kings; and on coming to the twenty-seventh verse, he said distinctly: "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle *me* the ass. And they saddled *him*."

A Chinese laundry firm in Hong Kong recently sent the following announcement to its prospective English customers: "Ladies and Gentlemen: We, the washer of every kind of clothes, blankets, and so on, newly established the company and engaged the business. Contrary to our opposite company, we will most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with possible cheap prices. With your wages we will work the business."—Western Christian Advocate.

A Child's Idea of Home.—A child, when one day speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is!" Was ever a question more truthfully, beautifully or touchingly answered?

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Chas. H. Jacob & Co., Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 318 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal., has, by order of Court, had his name changed to Chas. H. J. Truman, by reason of which, the name of his firm becomes, Chas. H. J. Truman & Co. Under this name he continues to do business at the same place. Telephone, MAIN 5213.

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